

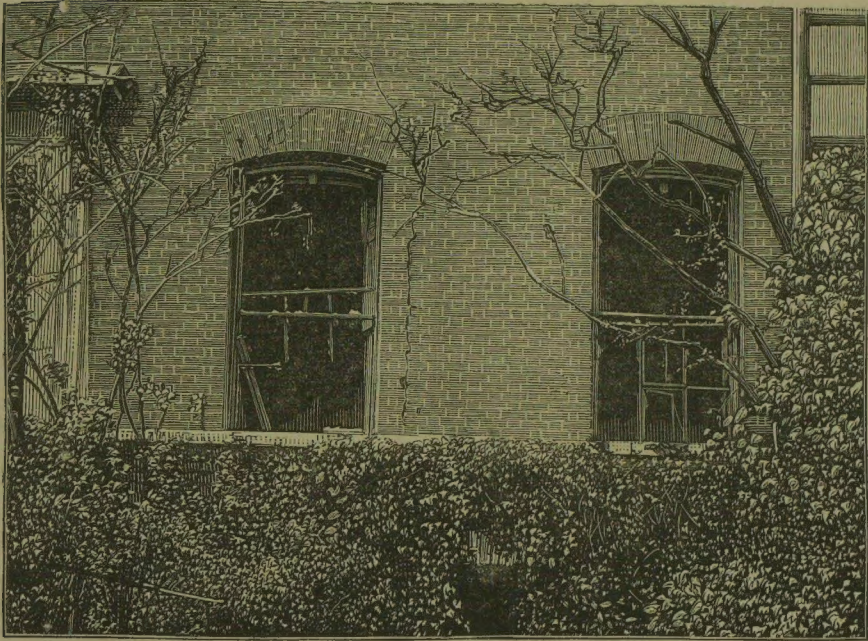
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WINDOWS OF MR. SWAINSON'S ROOM OVERLOOKING GARDEN ADJACENT TO THE HORSE-GUARDS' PARADE.



REMAINS OF BOOK-SHELVES, AND DESK AT WHICH MR. SWAINSON WAS SITTING.

EFFECTS OF THE EXPLOSION AT THE ADMIRALTY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR GOVERNMENT.

Young Prisoners of War.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: THE BATTLE OF HASHEEN.
FROM A SKETCH BY DR. CUNINGHAM, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE "LANCET."

OUR NOTE-BOOK

When Mr. Palgrave published his "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics" in 1861, he dedicated the volume to the Poet Laureate, and on stating in the preface that the collection did not include living authors, he expressed a hope that by other hands and in days far distant poems by Tennyson, Lowell, and others would be inserted in his Treasury. Happily, that day has not yet arrived; but Mr. Palgrave has this week proved his admiration of Lord Tennyson's poetry in a way that must be alike satisfactory to poet and to critic. "Lyrical Poems by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, selected and annotated by Francis Turner Palgrave," is an announcement that will be read with interest by all lovers of lyric poetry. His poems have been known to the public for more than half a century, and time and familiarity have in no wise lessened their charm. It is as a singer that the name of Tennyson will live in the literature of his country; and a volume of such a poet's best lyrics must contain "infinite riches in a little room." By-the-way, considering what a consummate master of rhythm Lord Tennyson has become, it is curious to read the statement made by Coleridge fifty-two years ago on the Laureate's earliest volumes. "There are some things of a good deal of beauty in what I have seen. The misfortune is that he has begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre is."

Love, says Thomas Hood, may haunt the grave of love, and watch the mould in vain; but this useless occupation will be gone if Sir Spencer Wells carries his darling scheme of cremation. No doubt it has much to commend it. A city churchyard is the most melancholy place in existence, and we have discovered of late years that it is also one of the most unhealthy. On the other hand, a country churchyard has its poetical aspects, and if cremation had been in vogue in Gray's time we should never have had his "Elegy." Sentiment and poetry, however, need not be wholly banished by cremation. "He that hath the ashes of his friend," says Sir Thomas Frowne, "hath an everlasting treasure"; and this fine old writer gives also the following quaint reason for preferring fire to interment: "To be knaved out of our graves, to have our skulls made drinking-bowls, and our bones turned into pipes to delight and sport our enemies are tragical abominations escaped in burning burials."

Nomenclature is not the least curious of the many curious things connected with horse-racing. The same name is bestowed over and over again, either from poverty of invention or from inadvertence, or by mere accident, or perhaps as a good omen; and, like Cremorne, Zephyr, Little Duck, and many another, is both applicable and applied to either sex indifferently, though the mythic Zephyr, who was the sire of the two horses Xanthos and Balios that belonged to Achilles, would probably have considered himself libelled by the little liberty which has been taken with his masculine name. Paradox, the observed of all observers this season, has had at least two predecessors of the same name and of his own sex—Paradox, son of Merlin and Penelope's sister (Pawn), foaled in 1827, and Paradox, son of Phlegon and Clelia, foaled in 1859. Of them the latter ran no fewer than ten times at two years of age; but only won once (the Little John Stakes at Nottingham), and eight times at three years and won once (a Handicap Sweepstakes at Newmarket); and the former, a "terribly high-bred" animal, belonging to the very successful Duke of Grafton, ran many times at two, three, and four years of age, for the Clearwell Stakes, for the Criterion Stakes, for the Otland Stakes, and so on; but was not a competitor either for the Two Thousand or for the Derby, and only won a few inferior races. This Paradox, son of Merlin, became the property, it would seem, of Prince Demidoff and went to Florence first and afterwards to France, where he remained (till he was sold) as a stud-horse, but did not greatly "illustrate" himself as a sire. Perhaps his namesake of this season may be destined to take away the reproach.

The ex-Presidents of the United States retire very quietly into private life when their term of office is over. President Arthur has resumed his connection as counsel with the firm of Knevals and Ransom, his former partners, and began practice once more on April 15.

French hostesses, ever on the *qui vive* for something new, have introduced several Tongquinese dishes into their *menus* for state occasions. One of these is *Pilow Turc*, a curious amalgamation of cooked rice and fowl, tossed in butter and served with tomato sauce. Another is *Dolmas de riz*, tiny croquettes, each wrapped in a fresh vine-leaf, and fried in olive oil; and a third is *Artichauts à la Russe*, formed by stuffing the centres of artichokes with rich forcemeat, and serving them cold in olive oil. The proper garniture of this dish is fresh olive-leaves.

Diplomatists have been very much surprised at the appointment of Count Paul Andreievitch Schouvaloff as Ambassador from the Court of St. Petersburg to Berlin. He is a distinguished soldier, and has seen a great deal of service, having been in the Caucasian and Crimean wars, in the Polish insurrection of 1863, and the Turco-Russian campaign, in the closing conflict of which, the battle of Philippopolis, he took a prominent part. He is well known in Berlin, and is a personal favourite with the Emperor William, so that the appointment is probably one of the best that could possibly be made. His brother, Count Peter Schouvaloff, who has filled the post of Russian Ambassador in London, had so much influence over the late Czar that he was familiarly called Peter IV., the last Peter who sat on the throne of all the Russias having been the third of his name. The Schouvaloffs belong to a very ancient family, and it is said that they are all born with the gifts of brains and beauty, and the art of *savoir faire*.

The Italian Derby, which was run at Rome about a fortnight ago, for the second time since its institution, has set people talking as if horse-racing in English fashion (quite different from that of the "barberi") were an entirely new thing in Italy. But it was in vogue at Florence a long while ago, though of course it was not of much account; there was a Florence Jockey Club in existence at a comparatively early date; there was a movement to found a Società Ippica Toscana in 1868; and some readers may be "surprised to learn" that Florence was the place where the famous Sir Joseph Hawley, who won the Derby four times and "belonged to" Teddington, Beadsman, Musjid, Blue Gown, Fitz-Roland, Rosierucian, Green Sleeves, Madame Eglington, Miami, and a "galaxy of talent," began his horse-racing career.

Apparently, even attorneys are human; that is to say that, with all their knowledge of the law, they cannot refrain from libel. An attorney of Bedford has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment for libelling another attorney of Bedford. Surely, an attorney ought to be able to slander his neighbour and yet keep clear of legal consequences, else what is the good of legal education, training, and experience? That diamond should cut diamond, that attorney should libel attorney at all—this, perhaps, is the strangest part of the phenomenon. Augur will libel augur next.

A "Pupil of Eight Years' Standing" at Epsom College offers some rectifications of a paragraph relating to that establishment which appeared in our Issue of April 18, and we willingly make room for the gentleman's emendations. In the first place, he says, the number of foundationers is fifty, and not forty-five. He very truly observes that ten masters, ten prefects, ten sub-prefects, and two sergeants, always on the move, are enough to maintain order among the pupils; and says that the reason why no candidates pass the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations is that none are ever sent in; adding, that one fellow went up last year to the Oxford School Board exam., and passed, and that five out of six passed the first M.B. of London University last year. He also points out that nine assistant masters always dine with the boys, the head master dining with those who live in his own house; and pays a well-deserved tribute to that gentleman's scholarship. That Dr. West is a ripe scholar and a fine specimen of an English gentleman is well known by all who have ever been brought into contact with him.

The Municipal Council of Antwerp do not intend the visitors to come to its Exposition to be fleeced by the greed of hotel and lodging-house keepers. Visits of inspection have been paid, details summarised, and an office opened at the Hôtel de Ville to which travellers only have to drive on their arrival. They will find every particular in the books, and can choose accommodation varying from 1s. 3d. to 10s. per day, according to their means. The Council has gone still further by converting the building formerly called the Royal Athenaeum into a popular hotel, where five hundred persons can live at the moderate price of one franc a day. The hotel-keepers are not loud in their praises of the authorities, but their action is very wise; for though Antwerp has always been a busy city, her future will be greater than her past, as in a very short time she will be found to have developed into one of the largest ports for merchant shipping in Europe.

The painter of the "Roll-Call" would surely have been a proud and happy woman if she had stood in Antwerp Cathedral the other day while one of her compatriots gazed at Rubens' "Descent from the Cross." He looked long and fixedly, and at last turned away, saying to his companion: "Wonderful! Worthy of Miss Thompson!"

Society, and especially musical society, will miss the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, if they break up their homes in England and retire to Germany, as is said to be likely if war breaks out between Great Britain and Russia. Such a step would, however, be perfectly natural; for a woman, however high her rank, cannot be expected to steel her heart against her own kith and kin; and a more painful position than that of the Duchess of Edinburgh in this country, if the two nations go to war, can hardly be imagined.

It has been thought in some quarters that the new Albert Palace at Battersea might perhaps prove a rival to the Sydenham edifice, which Mr. Ruskin so emphatically declares "not a Palace, nor of Crystal." But in reality there is room enough for both; and, however much the new one may prosper, English men and women are faithful to their old loves, and will never cease to regard the old Palace, which commands so vast a view of pretty country on all sides, with feelings of affection. Was it not there that Joe and Jane, from Hoxton, spent their wedding day? And did not Edwin make a point of taking Angelina down to the flower shows during their courtship? And when Pater and Mater familias take the youngsters down to Sydenham on a firework night, some shreds of romance still hang about the old place and linger in their hearts, and they cannot invest a new locality with the same associations.

The two great races for this week were the Great Metropolitan Stakes (on Tuesday) and the City and Suburban Handicap (on Wednesday); but neither of those races is wont to project a shadow significant of coming events, so far as the chief three-year-old contests are concerned, although St. Albans, winner of the Great Metropolitan, won the St. Leger also in 1860; Virago, winner both of the Great Metropolitan and of the City and Suburban, won the One Thousand also in 1854; and Sefton, winner of the City and Suburban, won the Derby also in 1878. Caractacus, moreover, ran second for the Great Metropolitan in 1862 just before he won his sensational Derby; and for the City and Suburban the famous American horse, Foxhall, ran second just before he began to win his wonderful series of successes at three years of age. As a rule, however, neither of the great spring handicaps at Epsom gives much of a "line" for the "classic" races of the year.

The attire of some of the ladies at the private view of the Grosvenor Gallery was of the fearful and wonderful order. Those saloons have always been the rendezvous of the aesthetes, and grey greens and green browns were in full force, with a sprinkling of old pinks, new golds, and every variety of drabs. Mrs. Langtry, who can wear what she pleases, had a resplendent green butterfly in her black bonnet; and Mrs. Oscar Wilde, who is also pretty enough to set her own fashions, had just borrowed one from Kate Greenaway. It was rather a loss to the community that Mrs. Bernard Beere wore the hue of woe, but she looked remarkably well in it.

How Darley's Arabian preponderates over the two other "primitive sires" take what follows as the proof. Up to the close of the Newmarket Craven Meeting the most notable races were the Lincolnshire Handicap (won by Bendigo), the Leicestershire Handicap (won by White-lock), the Spencer Plate (won by Cairo), the Great Northamptonshire Stakes (won by Marmora), the Newmarket Biennial for three-year-olds (won by Gracchus), the Crawford Plate (won by Ordovix), the Column Stakes (won by the son of Hampton and Red Rag), the Babraham Plate (won by Macheath), the Biennial for four-year-olds (won by Zadig), the Craven Stakes (won by Esterling), the Newmarket Handicap (won by Pizarro), the Friday Plate for three-year-olds (won by Glimmer), and for two-year-olds, the Brocklesby Stakes (won by The Bard), the Lincoln Cup (won by Assignment), the Molyneux Stakes (won by The Bard), the Sefton Park Plate (won by Queen Joanna), the Little John Plate (won by Esher), the Zetland Stakes (won by Moonstruck), the Althorp Park Stakes and the Ascot Plate (both won by The Bard), the Double Trial Plate at Newmarket (won by Assignment), the Two-Year-Old Plate (won by the daughter of Ethelred and Cerise), and the 200-sovs. Plate (won by Luc); and, with the exceptions of Macheath and Assignment, who acknowledge Byerley's Turk for their "first parent," all the winners mentioned trace back in the direct male line to Darley's Arabian.

The quaint and pretty fashion of dancing round the maypole is more familiar to Londoners from seeing the festivities reproduced in pantomime and in comic opera than from witnessing them participated in by buxom, cherry-cheeked mild-maids and boisterous cow-boys. Yet the maypoles nearest to the metropolis used to be the best attended, and, according to the old authorities, afforded the most sportive entertainments. The one that stood the longest near to London was near Kennington-green, at the back of the houses at the south corner of the Workhouse lane leading from the Vauxhall-road and Elizabeth-place. The site was then vacant, and the maypole used to be placed in the field facing the old Black Prince public-house. It was removed as far back as 1795, when the ground was required for building purposes. Jack o' the Green, too, was a different fellow to what he is now, even down to twenty years ago, when he walked about adorned with a floral wreath, and carrying a long walking-stick, which he whisked about in the course of his rustic dance.

It seems curious that wealthy connoisseurs of the most artistic classes of china and works of art do not care to collect Wedgwood ware. Yet such is the case, and a sale of this beautiful English pottery at Christie's last week failed to realise anything like a satisfactory result. There seems to be little reason for the disregard into which it has fallen, and it can only be accounted for by the fact that crazes after any special articles or any special colours are usually only of a fleeting character. There is such a lot of Wedgwood china, and the modern reproductions at the famous pottery are almost as artistic as the originals, many of which were designed by Flaxman, while those representing classical bas-reliefs were copied from ancient models from Herculaneum, lent by Sir William Hamilton to Josiah Wedgwood. Of course, these have been standing patterns ever since 1759, when the factory commenced to turn out the celebrated ware; and as there is a continuous flow on the market, the pottery of a hundred and twenty years ago is little more sought after than that of the present day. Nevertheless, we should like to see native artistic pottery meet with more encouragement at the hands of those who set the fashions in bric-à-brac circles.

The French Government having taken the Hotel of the Prince Chimay, in Paris, for the purpose of extending l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts, his Highness disposed by auction of his collection of pictures and articles of vertu. The gem which attracted amateurs from all parts of Europe was Greuze's celebrated picture, "La Dormeuse." Although only 21 inches in height by 18 in breadth, it realised 3600 guineas. Small pictures have lately fetched much larger prices, in proportion to their size, than big ones. And no wonder. Few people have room for gigantic canvases, however worthy; while a place can always be found for a little treasure. Let modern painters who aspire to posthumous honours take the hint.

The coming Aylesbury and Rickmansworth Railway, with its branch to Chesham and *détour* in the direction of Amersham, will open up some of the loveliest country in South Bucks. The county has hitherto been practically unknown, as it is merely skirted on its borders by the North and Great Western lines of rail, and its centre is as slow and primitive as if the iron horse were a thing unknown. When the Chiltern Hills, with their hanging beech woods, are accessible, artists will, indeed, have fresh fields and pastures new open to them, and we may expect to see some very novel and vigorous landscapes in our exhibitions. Buckinghamshire has no prominent rivers or picturesque streams, but fir and beech trees mingle as they do on the broken ground at the foot of the Alps, and it is as rich in wild flowers as the lower slopes of the Jura.

What if it should turn out that the "explosive" which cost poor Mr. Swainson so dear was merely a "sample" submitted for the inspection of "my Lords," long forgotten, and left to itself until it "went off" by one of those accidents that will happen in the best regulated Admiralties, without any malice prepense on the part either of "dynamitards" or aggrieved officials? Such an idea, wild as it may be, has been entertained.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The one hundred and sixteenth exhibition of the Royal Academy, which opens on Monday next, will be chiefly recollected for the increase in the number rather than for the quality of the works exhibited. By this, we do not mean that the general average falls below that of many of its immediate predecessors, but that the additional wall-space is not accompanied by any very remarkable display of that genius which we had been led to imagine was waiting for an opportunity to assert itself. The principal change in the arrangement of the rooms, by means of which Sir Fredrick Leighton's promises have been fulfilled, is the opening out of what is known as Gallery II. of two new rooms especially devoted to water colours, engravings, &c., and the extension of oil pictures over the two rooms thus gained. Whether this is an altogether unmixed benefit, the public will have to pronounce upon. They have now no less than eleven galleries—including the sculpture—through which to work, before arriving at that happy oasis of solitude which we venture to prophesy the Water-Colour Room will become, unless it be used as an annexe to the refreshment department, of which it almost seems to form an element. But the question which naturally arises is—To what purpose are water colours included in the exhibitions at Burlington House? Its governing body recognises no distinction, however eminent, in this branch of painting. David Cox, P. De Wint, Copley Fielding, William Hunt, are a few among many names, which may be cited as being found in the first ranks of English art, yet never acknowledged by the Royal Academy or admitted to take a place in their ranks; although no such exclusiveness was contemplated or imposed by the original foundation. For different reasons, we think that the exhibition of architectural drawings might far more advantageously take place at the institution especially devoted to that art. It is true that among the Royal Academicians architects find a few places; but it is not, let us hope, on the strength of their paper designs, but upon their practical achievements, that they are elected. It is, however, by no means with the view of obtaining still further wall-room for oil paintings that we raise this objection to the admittance of water-colour drawings, &c., to Burlington House; for a very casual survey of this year's exhibition is sufficient to show that for the present, at least, the space is sufficient for the demand, provided that among the rejected or unhung works none are of higher merit than those for which room has been found. Moreover, we are still more strongly of opinion that it is not by indefinitely increasing accommodation, but by restricting privileges, that the best impetus will be given to art in this country.

On the present occasion, we cannot do more than glance generally at the contents of the galleries, reserving for the future any particular remarks on the special qualities of the works exhibited. The places of honour in the large gallery are this year assigned to Mr. Millais and Mr. Tadema. "The Ruling Passion" (212) represents an ornithologist lying on a sofa, covered by a blanket, and explaining to a group of eagerly listening children the beauties of a stuffed bird, which he holds in his hand. The wistful, curious faces of the children are full of life and expressiveness, and their attitudes charmingly simple and naive. The ornithologist himself, which is a capital, if somewhat free, portrait of Mr. Millais' brother-Academician, Mr. T. O. Barlow, the engraver, gives scope for a display of that ease of posture which Mr. Millais catches with far greater sympathy than he displays for dignity or formality. Another work by Mr. Millais, "The Orphans" (859), is a charming little girl in a white dress, carrying a rabbit in her apron. It is a work which belongs to the series of children's portraits on which he has been occupied for some time past, and is very much sweeter than most of its predecessors. But, amongst the portrait-painters of the year, Mr. Herkomer will gain increased reputation by "Miss Katharine Grant" (360), dressed in white, on a very light background. In finish and delicacy—qualities which have not hitherto been the distinctive marks of Mr. Herkomer's talent—this work will vie with any in the rooms. Mr. Alma Tadema's "Pia" (276) represents the philosopher on a marble seat, and recalls somewhat the "Sappho" of two years ago. All that marvellous fidelity of execution and careful study of archaeology which distinguish Mr. Tadema's work are to be found in the accessories of the work, whilst the colours are more subdued than usual. In the face of the Greek philosopher, as in that of each of his Sicilian auditors, male and female, there is evidence of a persistent desire to reproduce the types which have been handed down to us; but whilst showing himself a faithful interpreter of the past, Mr. Alma Tadema does not forget that he is an artist of the present, and throws into his canvas a sense of living actuality. To him also must be in a measure credited the success of his follower, Mr. Waterhouse, whose "St. Eulalia" (503) is one of the most striking works by the younger men. Mr. Orchardson's "Salon of Madame Récamier" (172) will be one of the chief centres of attraction, uniting as it does literary interest to artistic merit. Far richer in tone than anything he has of late attempted, this work is almost entirely free from that "acidity" of colour with which Mr. Orchardson has been so frequently reproached. The deep crimson curtain contrasts admirably with the white and gold of the room, and whilst maintaining a high tone throughout the canvas, in no degree eclipses the importance of the characters. Of these, Madame Récamier, the "sphinx" of the Empire, is the most important and the most graceful figure, reclining on an ottoman, and holding in conversation a group of statesmen, litterateurs, and soldiers, who occupy one side of the large canvas. Amongst these are to be distinguished Talleyrand and Metternich, Sieyès and Bernadotte, and a host of others; whilst in the centre of a group on the left is Madame Récamier's literary rival, Madame De Staël, who, for the peace of mind of some of her contemporaries, was "so consolingly plain."

Of the other works which in a cursory glance most strike the eye may be mentioned the President's frieze, "Music" (344), a companion work to "The Dance," already exhibited—a picture with a score of figures, delightful in colour, but scarcely successful in pose; Mr. Frank Holl's portrait of "Lord Dufferin" (219), a full-length standing figure in a fur coat; Mr. Hook's "The weary sun hath made a golden set" (270), conceived in a very different spirit to the majority of the artist's works. The sea is glistening with innumerable colours, under a sky flecked with many-coloured clouds, through which the sun's light is glancing. The spot chosen is on the Cornish coast, looking towards the Land's End; and the skill with which the orange and purple tints of an autumn evening on that shore have been caught is very remarkable. Mr. Brett has likewise been practising his magic art in neighbouring seas, and his "Norman Archipelago" (1106), in the full blaze of a mid-day sun, will be accounted one of his most successful achievements. Over the scarcely-rippled sea a few fisher-boats are lazily drifting in the tideway—the only objects giving any sense of movement, for the water seems to have scarcely energy enough to ripple over the sea-weed covered rocks which break the foreground. In the distance rise Herm, Brichon, and Guernsey, breaking through a sea-mist which obscures the lower shores.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

It may be thought by some that the present year's exhibition shows a falling off in interest from some of its predecessors; but if it displays few remarkable works—and although Mr. Burne Jones is altogether unrepresented—the general average is a fair one. The place of honour is honestly earned by Mr. W. B. Richmond's "Audience of an Athens Theatre" (69), a large canvas containing upwards of fifty figures, upon all of whom careful elaboration has been bestowed. The audience is supposed to be watching the performance of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, and to have had its feelings roused to fever pitch by the speech in which Clytemnestra declares how she carried out her dreadful oath. In the centre of the group is the Archon performing his principal function as constitutional ruler of Athens, in attending the theatre. On either side of him stands a young priest of Dionysos in leopard skins, but beyond there is nothing to indicate his office or position. The elders, ranged on the marble benches in dignified attitudes, are wrapt in deepest attention, their richly-coloured robes—saffron and red—giving picturesqueness to the scene. In the back rows a few women are seen, rather, however, as attendants than as spectators. Beyond the theatre, which is in the open air, but covered with a yellow veil, one sees the Acropolis, and in the farther distance the blue mountains which look on Marathon. It is with this part of the picture that we are disposed to be least content; the deep blue of the sky above the theatre, where it is visible under the veil, contrasts too strongly with the same sky as seen more obliquely between the pillars of the theatre; whilst the absolutely shapeless blue mountains, without form or substance, have a look of uncompleted work. In spite, however, of these drawbacks, the picture is a very remarkable one, and will give an additional cause of regret to the Royal Academy that this painter persistently holds himself aloof from its exhibitions and declines to accept its advances. Mr. Richmond's other works comprise portraits of "Miss M. Burne Jones" (10), of an old lady with silver hair (110), dressed in black, very stately and noble looking; of "Mrs. Waters" (113), in a low-toned red brocade dress; of "Lady Loyd-Lindsay" (174), who, in spite of her grey hair, has a smooth brow and a young face—a portrait full of grace and quiet dignity; of "Mr. Andrew Lang" (191), in brown velvet coat, looking somewhat wan and sad, and wanting in that keen glance which the original possesses, but nevertheless a very masterful performance; and one of "Miss Freshfield" (309), dressed all in white, displaying those delicate refinements of shadow which Mr. Richmond uses with so much effect.

Mr. Millais exhibits two portraits—one of his niece, "Miss Margaret Millais" (56), a fair-haired girl in a white frock, and one of "Mr. Gladstone" (54), in his red gown as D.C.L. (Oxon). The face, either intentionally or not, is far softer in expression, especially about the mouth and chin, than in the previous portrait of the Premier by the same artist; and somehow it seems to lack something of the character of the man who has exercised so remarkable an influence over his contemporaries. As a work of art, however, Mr. Millais' work cannot compare with Mr. Frank Holl's portrait of the late "Lord Overstone" (33), which is the best picture of the room for brilliancy, transparency, and colouring. Lord Overstone is represented in his wheel chair, in a black velvet coat and cap—the ideal of a venerable old man, who faces the close of life with serenity. If, however, any should be disposed to find a want of stern simplicity in the work, they have only to turn to the adjoining work of the same artist, the "Portrait of Mr. William T. Palmer" (28) where a quiet gentleman in a plain frock-coat is rendered with simple strength. Between these two specimens of realistic art is hung Mr. G. Watts' "Love and Life" (30), of which the replica has excited so much furore in the United States. The idea is expressed by two young figures scaling the heights of time or duty, Love helping on Life and making the hardest road pleasant—the roughest ways smooth. In none of his recent works has Mr. Watts succeeded better in showing how great he is as a colourist, and how defective as an anatomist. The limbs of both of the figures are painfully attenuated, regardless alike of classic proportions and natural development, whilst the trunk of the body of the mortal being is framed upon a model which can scarcely have drawn the breath of life. On the other hand, in the figure of Love, Mr. Watts has succeeded in gracefully combining the adjunct of wings with arm-bearing shoulders—no small achievement, as both artist and sculptor well know; and on the iridescent feathers of these wings he has expended his art with a result which is almost marvellous. Mr. Watts has another ideal work, "Ararat" (172), of which the chief characteristic is the varying depths of the blue sky against which the mountain top stands out. In "Life and Love," the foreground is made up of studies of rocks, painted with much detail—the more distant hills being lost in blue, whilst all above the cloud-flecked sky is lighted up with innumerable colours. In the "Ararat" the one colour prevails, and a comparison between the two works reveals the artist's power and sense of beauty. He contributes also two excellent portraits, one of "Mrs. F. Myers," under a canopy of dark leaves—a bright face and a gorgeous costume—and one of the late "Lord Hobart" (344), painted in a more serious tone and full of dignity; and one of "Miss Rachel Gurney" (62), a lovely figure in a black dress leaning against a wall, her hands folded behind her.

There are two portraits of "Mr. Robert Browning," one in his doctor's robes (6), by his son, Mr. R. B. Browning, and consequently challenging comparison with Mr. Millais' portrait of "Mr. Gladstone," and showing, but too clearly, the impassable gulf which lies between the artist and the craftsman; the other, by Mr. R. Lehmann (127), very simple and quiet, carefully painted, but a somewhat prosaic likeness of the poet.

Amongst the other portraits which will attract attention, mention should be made of those by Mr. Herkomer, of which that of "Mr. Sandbach" (197), a quiet, grey-headed old gentleman, is the best, though that of Mr. Villiers Stanford, the composer of "Savonarola," is the most ambitious; of Mr. Sargent's portrait of "Mrs. Mason" (31), full-length in black dress, with much transparent muslin—very clever, but hard and stiff; of Mr. P. R. Morris' "Miss Serjeantson" (51), a young girl in black and white, well planted on her feet, but otherwise uninteresting, whilst it occupies a space which might have been better occupied by the same artist's "Portrait in Silver Tones" (236), recalling some of his earlier work; of Mr. C. E. Hallé's portraits of his father (209) and of "Mrs. Douglas Labalmondière" (193), in neither of which does he seem to have seized more than a surface likeness of the originals. It is difficult to say whether Mr. Herbert Schmalz's figures—"Edmée" (52), "Denise" (86), and the like—should be ranked amongst the portraits. They are rather full-length studies, harmonious in colour, and executed with remarkable skill, but not altogether without a taint of affectation. In his portrait of "Lady Walsingham" (64) the attention to lace and frills reduces the value of the work

as a portrait to a minimum, and suggests more the idea of a coloured photograph than of a work in which the painter's power has been allowed to dominate over the milliner's skill, and that Mr. Schmalz is capable of better work may be seen in the "Souvenir de Blankenberghe" (233), artificial and imitative as it is.

We must not conclude this first notice of the Grosvenor without alluding to Mr. Alma Tadema. He is represented by two portraits: one of "Dr. Epps" (1), seated by the bedside of a patient, painted with great minuteness—the black coat, red beard, and even the hand holding the watch being reckoned with carefully in filling up a canvas in which the white bed occupies so much space; the other, which pleases us far more, that of "Mr. Francis Powell" (58), looking as if it had been dashed off at the spur of the moment, and carrying with it the first fresh impressions of the artist. Mr. Alma Tadema also sends two of his carefully executed Roman archaeological works, "Who is It?" (57), a group of three girls on a marble terrace, one of whom is looking over the wall; and the other, "Expectation" (81), a single figure of a girl watching the arrival of her lover from across the blue bay, on the smooth face of which the brown sail of his boat is to be seen; in the distance the white town—of which every house seems to have been painted separately—is glistening in the sun; whilst over the edge of the marble terrace the pink flowers of the oleander are climbing, and shedding warmth upon the scene.

We reserve for a future occasion our remarks on the remaining works.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Walter Paget, accompanying the army of Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Graham in the operations around Souakim, was with the force marching to Tamai, in the first days of April, and sends us Sketches of a few incidents which he then witnessed. General Graham took with him nearly all his troops, leaving the New South Wales Artillery, the 17th Bengal Infantry, and small detachments of every regiment, to guard the camp at Souakim, on Thursday, the 2nd ult.; and, in the evening of that day, his force occupied Teselah Hill and other heights overlooking Tamai. Early next morning, two columns advanced to that place; the one under command of General Fremantle consisted of Lancers, Hussars, Mounted Infantry, General Hudson's Indian Horse, four guns of the Horse Artillery, six Gardner's and two mountain guns, the Grenadiers, the Coldstreams, the Scots Guards, and the Australians. The other body of troops was under the command of General Sir John McNeill, comprising a detachment of the Berkshire Regiment, the East Surrey and the Shropshire Regiments. The entire infantry force numbered 6500. A zereba was formed in the course of the march, and, in order to lessen the work of the scouts, it was decided to inflate the balloon, the gas being carried in tubes compressed into seventy-five volumes. The officers of the Royal Engineers in charge of the balloon are Major Temple and Lieutenant Mackenzie. The balloon is made of gold-beaters' skin, is 23 ft. in diameter, contains 7000 ft. cubic of gas, and its total weight is 90 lb. It is attached by a rope 200 ft. long to a wagon or any other convenient holdfast; one of the officers goes up in the car, and thence commands a very extensive view. Messages are sent up and down, written on small pieces of paper attached to the rope by a sliding loop. The gas is brought from England, having been manufactured at Chatham, and the balloon can remain aloft during nine hours. The force above mentioned, on the 3rd ult., occupied Tamai, after a slight resistance on the part of the enemy. The Arabs made themselves scarce, and the infantry returned to rest at McNeill's zereba, the cavalry going back to Souakim. The British loss during the operations was one man killed and six wounded, amongst the latter two Australians. The Arab encampment or collection of huts at Tamai was set on fire before the troops left it; but a correspondent says that "it was scarcely worth a lucifer-match. A Soudani village is the most abjectly poverty-stricken collection of dog-holes in the universe. A tiny inclosure of sticks and coarse matting, with a hole inside for fire-place, perhaps an "angareeb," or bed, and a couple of flat stones for grinding corn—such is the description of an ordinarily comfortable dwelling in Tamai. Osman Digna's own house was not a whit better than the others. As the Arabs appear to have taken good care to send away all their cattle and portable property to the hills, the burning of their village will not do them much harm; they may regard it as a symbol of their defeat, and that is all."

We are indebted to Dr. Cunningham, of the Medical Staff, who has been acting as special correspondent of the *Lancet*, for a Sketch of the battle of Hasheen, fought on March 20, some illustrations of which, by our Special Artist, were published on the 11th inst. This Sketch, taken from a different point of view, shows the square formed by the British troops, assailed on all sides by thousands of Arabs, who poured down from the surrounding hills; to the left, on a rising ground above the road to Tamai, are the Naval Brigade with their guns, and some of the Royal Marines; the village of Hasheen is seen lying at the base of two hills in the background, towards the right of the view. In the foreground are some of the Royal Engineers and other troops who had been at work constructing a new intrenched position and zereba, and were interrupted by the enemy's attack. The advancing bodies of the enemy were repeatedly charged by the 5th Regiment of Lancers and the 20th Hussars, as well as by the Bengal Cavalry, but rallied afterwards with great courage, and were finally repulsed by the infantry formed in square. Among the foremost combatants on this occasion, as in the attack made on the zereba two days later, on Sunday, the 22nd, were young boys, who fought as bravely as any of the men. Two of them were made prisoners, and a photograph was taken of them, which is copied in the corner of our Engraving.

It has been officially announced that the greater portion of the Souakim column is about to be withdrawn and brought to Cairo. The autumn campaign in the Soudan will be abandoned. The troops will return as soon as the Nile again begins to rise. A garrison will, however, in all probability be left at Dongola, Wady Halfa, and Korosko. The health of the British troops on the Nile remains good. They have nearly finished building their mud huts, and the hospital huts have been in use some time. Great difficulty is experienced in getting sufficient wood and mats for roofing. The weather is very hot, the maximum temperature by day being about 110 deg.; but the nights are cool. Lord Wolseley was expected to arrive at Souakim this week to superintend the final arrangements there. The railway is not to be constructed beyond Otta. Scattered bands of Arabs here and there continue to annoy the British convoys, but no important action has recently taken place.

The Board of Trinity College, Dublin, at their meeting last Saturday, decided to submit the names of the Marquis of Waterford, the Earl of Milltown, and the Earl of Rosse to the Senate of the University of Dublin, which is to select a Chancellor of the University in room of the late Lord Cairns.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

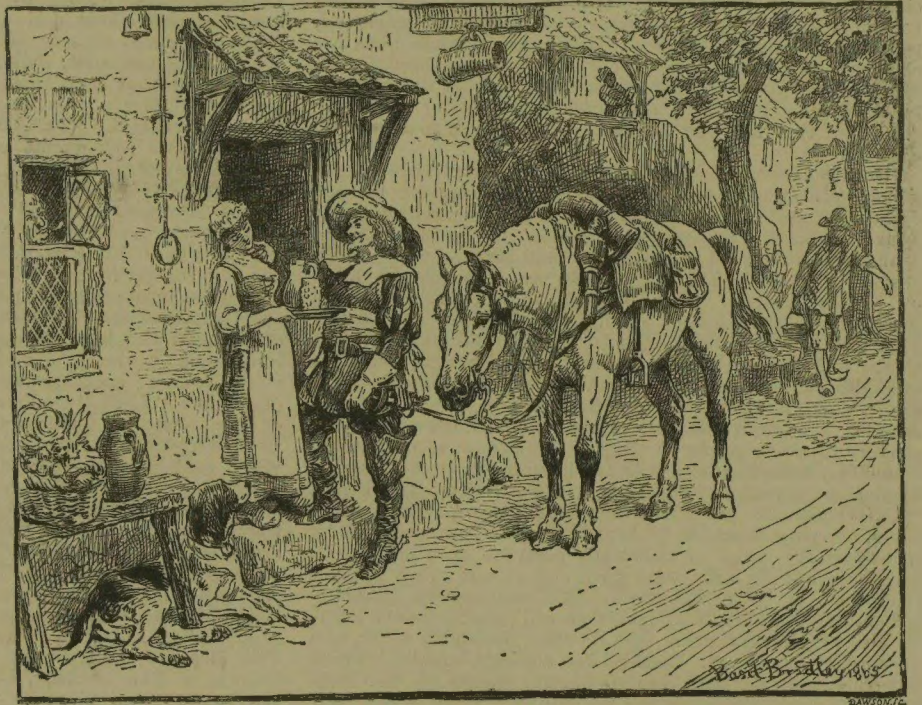
In a society constituted on a limited though not exclusive basis it is always easy to forecast the general character of the year's exhibition. Members before their election have already acquired a distinctive style; and it is only natural that they should be content with conditions which have found acceptance with the public, and have established their claims to distinction; and with limited wall-space at their disposal, it must happen that certain peculiarities must seem constant qualities. But it can scarcely be said that the exhibitions of the "Old Society" are ever monotonous: each year some members show distinctive qualities or superior excellence, and this year is no exception to the general rule. Sir John Gilbert, the President, for instance, forsakes military pageants and the noise of battle to give us an almost Salvator-like landscape, "Banditti Gambling" (151), in which the figures play a very subordinate part. The gnarled trees, with their rich foliage, the lights glinting through the wood, the purple hills in the background, form a landscape all the more attractive as it differs so widely from its surroundings. Mr. Carl Haag, in addition to two Arab heads—"Ali Ben Osman" (6), and a "Soudanese Beauty" (40)—painted with consummate power and skill, sends a bustling scene of the "Bab el Mahkamah" (161), the gate of justice at Jerusalem, through which a bound captive is being hurried into prison. The lights falling from above are reflected on the rich coloured cloaks of the jailers and others, and in the gloom of the doorway on either side stands a grim soldier in chain armour. Mr. Stacy Mark's "Favourite Author" (154) is another gem of the exhibition—a priest in undress, seated at a table immersed in a book. There is here no straining after effect, no forced



BANDITTI.—SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

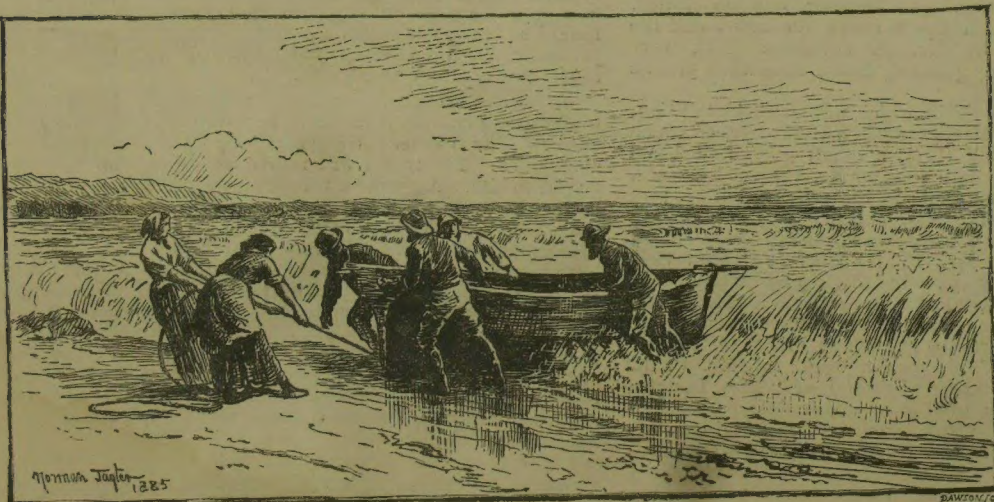


THEIR OWN FIRESIDE.—BASIL BRADLEY.



THE GAY MUSKETEER.—BASIL BRADLEY.

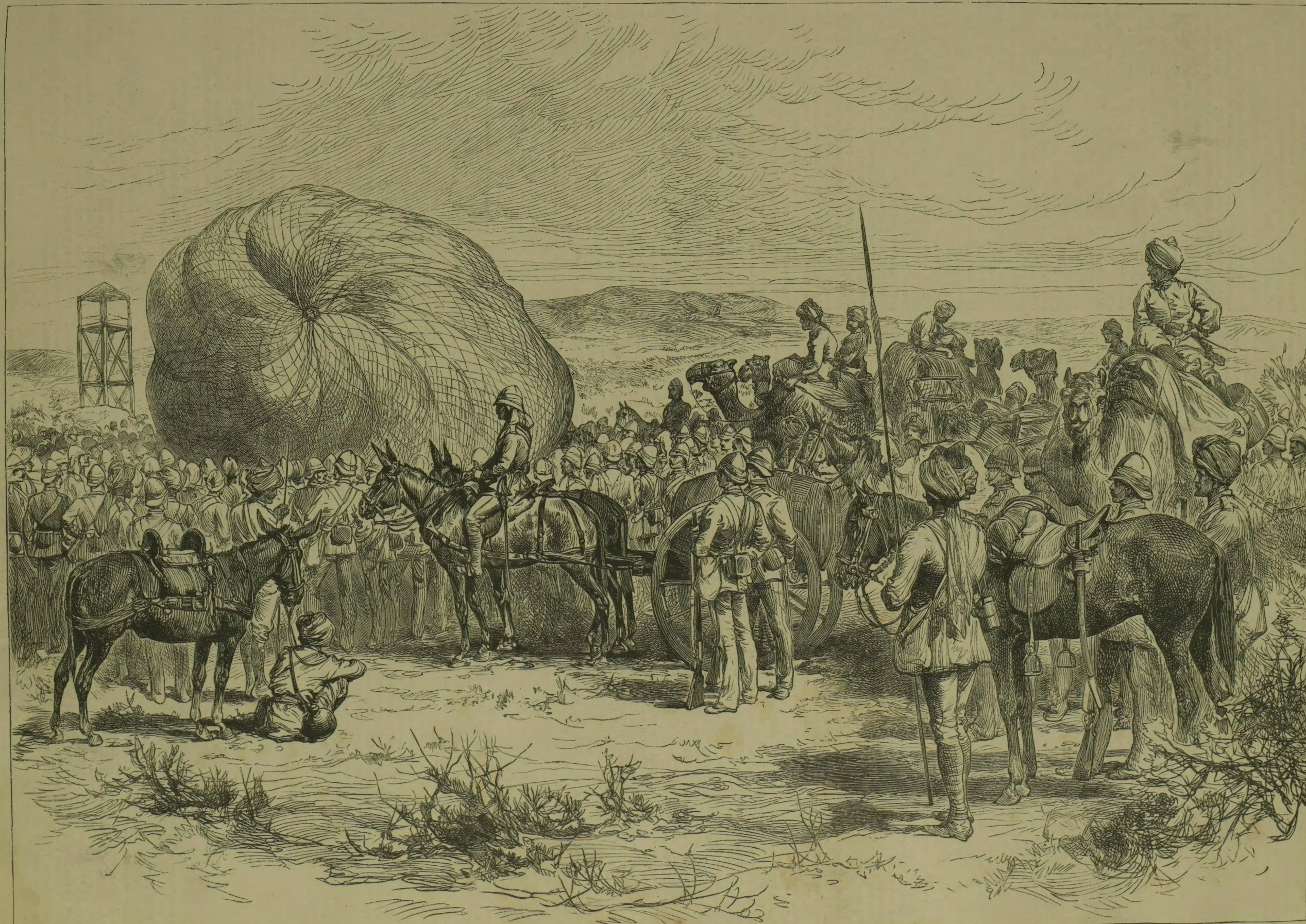
humour or facile trick. The artist relies solely upon the excellence of his work and the reality of his subject. The picture might have been painted three hundred years ago; it would have been as equally true to life as it will be three hundred years hence. Mr. Du Maurier, who is also ambitious in this line, can scarcely be considered as successful. His full-length portrait of a lady with a violin, to which he gives the title of "A Young Face, an Old Tune" (176), is rather wanting in life. Her yellow skirt, with brown bodice and train, are very admirably painted; her surroundings are delicate and harmonious; but the figure does not live as Mr. Marks' old bookworm in his grey serge frock and black thread stockings. In Mr. E. K. Johnson's companion works, "Saturday" (174) and "Sunday" (96), there is no little simple grace—a plainly dressed country girl doing her shopping in the one, and on her way to church in the other picture. Better still, however, is Mr. Henry Wallis's "Bruges Girl Going to Market" (140) in her black *faiile* and lace cap, painted with Flemish accuracy and finish. Mr. Albert Moore has three figure-pieces, of which the most important is "A Yellow Room" (232), a nude figure, excellently drawn, standing against a rich yellow background. His draped figures are but slightly distinguishable from his previous works except by their names, "Oranges" (286) being a girl in a rich orange-coloured dress, and "Lanterns" (294), one in light green amongst a number of paper lanterns, from which no light apparently falls. Miss Constance Phillott's "Last Stitches" (57) is the best of her



HELPING HANDS.—NORMAN TAYLER.



A FAVOURITE AUTHOR.—H. S. MARKS, R.A.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: THE MARCH TO TAMAI—INFLATING THE BALLOON.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WALTER PAGET.

decorative figures, and Mr. Arthur Hopkins' "Daphne" (111) of his rustic maidens with classic names. Prominent among the genre pictures is Mr. Charles Gregory's "Smuggler" (34): a wounded man, about whom his companions seem very indifferent, is lying on a coil of ropes behind a boat, whilst his wife leans over him full of anxiety and fear. If the rest of the picture were up to the level of this group, it would deserve great praise; but the artist's powers or interest seem to have failed him before the work was completed. Similarly, Mr. H. Glendon's "Love Philtre" (67), in spite of the care with which the old alchemist's laboratory is worked up, is a disappointing work; the lady's face tells no tale—whether the philtre be for herself or for another, and that of the old man suggests only contemptuous indifference, either for his own wares or for those who use them. Mrs. Allingham's "Lessons," on the other hand, is complete and carefully composed. The light from the open window is streaming into the schoolroom where the governess and her two pupils are cheerily facing the day's duties. There is a charming grace as well as expressiveness in the faces of all three, and the pose of the girl reciting her task is excellent.

It is out of doors, however, that water-colour artists show to the most advantage; and between the limits of the intense realism of Mr. Birket Foster's "Dipping Place" (91) and the idealism of Mr. Francis Powell's "Sunlit Waters" (30) and "Opalescent Sea" (254), or Mrs. M. Lofthouse's "Pembroke Castle" (234), there are plenty of works to admire. Mr. Herbert Marshall, for example, who has made his art-home among London streets, is very strong in the view of "St. Paul's, Looking up Ludgate-hill" (129), before the disfigurement of the street by the railway viaduct, just as autumn evening is closing in, and gaslight and daylight are struggling for pre-eminence, and in "Piccadilly-circus" (111) by night. At "South Shields," too (117), and at "Newcastle" (227) he is equally at his ease, and manages to throw into his work the sense of busy movement, and at the same time to lift from the scene its more sordid elements. Mr. Thorne Waite, on the other hand, is the painter of quiet nooks and peaceful pastorals. His "Village in the Marsh" (167), with downs rising in the distance, is a spot far from the busy strife of men; and of such he gives half a dozen examples under various conditions of weather and light, but all breathing the same air of repose. His old colleague, Mr. Collingwood Smith, is another to whom the Southdowns are familiar sketching grounds—although he is not so faithful to his native county, but wanders at will over the Simpton to the "Lagoons of Venice" (20)—to the "Claudian Aqueduct" (124), back to Hampshire again, taking pleasant notes by the way. Mr. George Boyce's "Brougham Castle" (103) will, we think, disappoint his admirers as much by its fantastic colouring, as by a certain hardness of outline; but Mr. Albert Goodwin will charm equally by his grey "Clovelly" (85), as by his "Delectable Mountains" (92), covered with patches of pink flowers; and Mr. North's "Mill Stream" (44), with its tender green foliage and plashing water, will establish him still more firmly in his place in the first rank of English water colourists. Mr. Outhbert Rigby's "Seascale" (1) is interesting as a study of sand and sky, but he fails to analyse the true effects of light as Mr. Alfred W. Hunt has done in his "Summer Paradise" (5), or his still more characteristic work, "Before the Blaze of Noon" (18). It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that Mr. W. Callow, Mr. W. Collingwood, Mr. Charles Davidson, Mr. J. P. Jackson, contribute their usual quota of excellent work, but none of the specimens are so distinctive as to call for any remark beyond saying that they fully maintain the high level to which these artists have raised English water-colour painting. Miss Clara Montalba has also a number of Venice sketches, in which the white or grey skies and water predominate. Mr. Henry Moore's "Waiting for the Tide" (214)—a number of fishing-boats high and dry upon the beach—is the most important of his four works, and displays a greater variety of colour than usual with him; and Mr. Oswald Brierly gives a lively scene from "A Whale Chase" (185), of which the chief defect seems to be the dirtiness of both sky and sea.

Here we break off, not because we have in any way exhausted all the good works on the walls, but because want of space precludes our referring individually to a majority of the works exhibited.

Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods disposed last Saturday of a choice collection of modern pictures, water-colour drawings, and sculpture, formed by the late Mr. George Schotel, of Brixton. The collection contained some fine examples of J. L. Gérôme, Carl Haag, J. Linnell, sen., T. Faed, R.A., and Turner, for which good prices were obtained; the whole collection realising £15,300.

The growing taste for photography, and the ease with which amateurs can obtain very satisfactory results, justify Messrs. Marion in issuing a new edition of their "Practical Guide to Photography" (Marion and Co., Soho-square). It is written in plain language, gives definite instruction to beginners, and tells adepts how, by retouching and other processes, to give finish to their works. The more delicate operations of printing with sensitised paper, toning and fixing prints, and the means by which the difficulties of printing and toning may be surmounted, are explained with care and clearness.

Sir Thomas Jones, President of the Royal Hibernian Academy, presided last Saturday night at a distribution of prizes to the successful students, and gave an address, in the course of which he said that if they desired to win fame they ought to bend all their energies towards the great arena of artists, the Metropolis of the British Empire. It might be thought that in saying this he was giving unpatriotic advice; but it was sound advice. Did they imagine that the names of Barry, Mulready, Danby, Sir Martin Shee, Foley, and the present Irish director of the National Gallery in London, would be as familiar as household words if these eminent men had remained in Ireland? One of these had been President, and another might have been President had he chosen, of the Royal Academy.

The East London Industrial Exhibition at the Drill-Hall, Whitechapel-road, will be opened next Monday afternoon.

Mr. Alderman Isaacs and Mr. Alderman Gray having declined to serve the office of Sheriff at the election in June, Mr. Alderman Evans has consented to serve. The senior Alderman for Lord Mayor is Mr. Alderman Staples.

Last week the Lord Mayor opened an attractive bazaar and art-exhibition at the Vestry-hall, Haverstock-hill, in aid of the Humpstead Home Hospital and Nursing Institution. This institution was founded in 1882, its object being to combine the medical advantage of a hospital with the privacy and comfort of a home for patients able to pay, wholly or in part. An address read by Mr. Owlthwaite, hon. secretary, stated that 174 patients had been treated. It was for the purpose of paying off a debt and of enlarging the sphere of that institution that the bazaar and art exhibition was organised. The meeting was addressed by the Lord Mayor, Sir H. Holland, M.P., Alderman and Sheriff Whitehead, and other gentlemen, in advocacy of the claims of the institution.

MARRIAGES.

On the 23rd ult., at Naples, by the Rev. Henry Barff, James Henry, eldest son of John N. Robin, Esq., of Naples, to Giulietta Caroline Gertrude, elder daughter of B. Straub, Esq., of Ulm, Wurtemberg.

On the 19th ult., at Hardwicke, Aylesbury, by the Rector, the Rev. W. Bigg-Wither, assisted by the Rev. Newton B. Young, Rector of Tilbrook, and Rural Dean, Deputy Surgeon-General Theobald Ringer, late 7th Bengal Cavalry, son of the late William Ringer, Esq., of Laughton, Carmarthen-shire, to Frederica Adela, eldest daughter of the Rev. Henry Rich, Great Aine, Alostler, Warwickshire, and formerly Curate of Hardwicke-cum-Weeden.

On the 21st ult., at St. Peter's Church, Bournemouth, by the Rev. Forbes Winslow, Rector of St. Paul's, St. Leonards-on-Sea, asisted by the Rev. G. Stopford Ram, Vicar, James, son of H. Downing, Esq., of Stratford-on-Avon, to Emma, eldest daughter of the late W. D. Elliot, of D-merara.

On the 21st ult., at 234, St. Vincent-street, Glasgow, by the Rev. Henry Gibson, M.A., Glenapp, father of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. John Barclay, West Kirk, Greenock, the Rev. James D. W. Gibson, B.D., Carmichael, Lanarkshire, to Jessie Blackbun, daughter of the late James Craig, jun.

DEATH.

On the 23rd ult., at Grand Canary, Thomas Miller, Esq., aged 80 years. (By telegraph.)

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.

Patron.—H.M. the QUEEN.
President.—H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.
Division I., Inventions. Division II., Music.
WILL BE OPENED BY H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES on MONDAY, MAY 4, at Noon.

Admission to Opening Ceremony up till Two p.m., by season ticket only; after Two o'clock by payment of Half-a-crown.

On and after TUESDAY, MAY 5, admission to the Exhibition 1s., every Week-day, except Wednesday, when it is 2s. 6d.

EVENING FEES, Illuminated Fountains, and Gardens Lighted every evening by many thousands of Electrical Glow Lamps.

INTERNATIONAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee, Mr. Henry Irving.

LYCEUM.—TO-DAY (SATURDAY), at a Quarter to Eight, HAMLET.—Hamlet, Mr. Henry Irving; Ophelia, Miss Ellen Terry. Six performances. Saturday, May 3, "Louis XI." Monday, May 11, "The Merchant of Venice." Five performances. Saturday, May 16, "The Bells." Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst), open daily, Ten to Five.

LYCEUM.—PIT and GALLERY.—Booking-Office open daily in pit-passage, Lyceum, from Eight in the morning until Six in the evening. Seats can be booked one week in advance only by personal application and not by letter.—LYCEUM.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr.

WILSON BARRETT. EVERY EVENING, at 7.30, THE SILVER KING. (by Henry A. Jones and Henry Herman). Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Speakman, Cooper, Doone, Walton, Huntley, Fulton, Bernage, Gurth, De Solla, Foss, &c., and George Barrett. Mesdames Ormsby, Huntley, Dickens, Cook, &c., and Miss Eastlake. Doors open at Seven. Box-Office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Prices: Private Boxes, one to nine guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY.

Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Season under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, the successful Play, in four acts, adapted from Sardou's "Nos Intimes," by R. C. Stephenson and Clement Scott, entitled PERIL. Characters by Mr. Cochran, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. Carney, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Weatherly, Mr. Graham, Mr. Thornbury; Mrs. Arthur Stirling, Miss Annie Rose, Miss Dacre, and Mrs. LANGTRY. Doors open at Quarter to Eight; PERIL at a Quarter-Past Eight. Carriages at Eleven. Box-Office open daily from Eleven till Five. No fees. Telephone 3706. Matinée of PERIL, SATURDAY NEXT, at a Quarter-Past Two. Doors open at a Quarter to Two. Carriages at Five.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS' NEW and ATTRACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT.

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, THREE and EIGHT. Fanteles, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No fees of any description. Tickets and places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, from 9.30 till 6.30.

JAPAN IN LONDON.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.

ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK (Near Top of Sloane-street). SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS. 300,000 persons have already visited TANNAKER'S JAPANESE VILLAGE. Fresh Arrivals from Japan. Five Streets of Houses and Shops constructed and peopled by the Japanese, who may be seen engaged at their various occupations in their own country. Daily, Eleven a.m. to Ten p.m., 1s.; Children, 6d. WEDNESDAYS, 2s. 6d.; Children, 1s. Japanese Entertainments at Twelve, Three, and Eight (free). MILITARY BAND.

THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF OIL PAINTINGS by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is now open at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 108, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE QUEEN AND LORD BEACONSFIELD.

The great Picture of HER MAJESTY GIVING AUDIENCE TO LORD BEACONSFIELD AT OSBORNE. Painted by Mr. Wigramman from studies made by him at Osborne.—108, New Bond-street. Admission, 1s.

MONTE CARLO.—SUMMER SEASON.

The series of the Extraordinary Musical Entertainments having terminated with the Winter Season, the usual Concerts, directed by Mr. Romeo Accursi, will be continued daily until further notice.

SEA-BATHING AT MONACO.

Villas and Private Houses and Apartments for every taste, and at every price. The beach, like that of Trouville, is covered with the softest sand, and at the Grand Hotel des Bains comfortable apartments, with board, for families can be had at reasonable prices.

Viscount Lewisham opened, last Saturday, the new public baths at Ladywell, Lewisham, which have been erected by the Commissioners at a cost of £9000.

The mail-steamer Duke of Westminster, Captain Waterman, has sailed for Queensland with the following emigrants and bounty passengers—viz., 207 single men, 103 single women, and married couples and children equal to 108 adults.

The seventh annual Italian ball (evening and fancy dress), under the patronage of Mr. H. Burnley Heath, Consul-General of Italy, for the benefit of the Italian Benevolent Society and French Hospital, will take place at the Freemasons' Hall on Tuesday, the 12th inst. Tickets may be obtained at the Italian Consulate, 31, Old Jewry, and at the Freemasons' Tavern.

Steamers arrived at Liverpool during the past week with live stock and fresh meat on board from American and Canadian ports; making the total arrivals for the week 2614 cattle, 9730 quarters of beef, and 2060 carcasses of mutton—which figures, in comparison with those of the preceding week, show a somewhat large increase in the imports of live stock, but a decrease in the shipments of fresh meat.

Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P., presided last Saturday at the second annual general meeting in connection with the Committee of Managers of London Board Schools. Sir John Lubbock, M.P., in the course of some observations, expressed his opinion that the inhabitants of London owed the managers of elementary schools a deep debt of gratitude for the zeal and unselfishness with which they devoted much valuable time to the very important functions they had patriotically consented to undertake.

A fancy market was held on Thursday and Friday at the National Industrial Home for Crippled Boys at Kensington; a concert is announced to be given to-day (Saturday) at the Townhall, Kensington, by the South Kensington Ladies' Choir, on behalf of the Children's Hospital, Paddington; and a floral calendar bazaar on behalf of Mrs. Hilton's Crèche, Infant Infirmary, Orphan, Convalescent, and Training Homes, is to be held at Cannon-street Hotel this (Saturday) afternoon, and on Monday and Tuesday next.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

It was surely a mistake to suppose that Robertson's comedy, called "Ours," was revived at the Haymarket Theatre as a catchpenny method of increasing public excitement during a grave moment of political anxiety. True it is that the play is dated at or about the period when the Guards left London for the Crimea; that one of the characters is a Russian Prince; and that the last act of the play takes place in an officer's hut in the Crimea. But these bare facts would surely not be sufficient to revive an interest in a favourite comedy just because the Afghans have been defeated at Pul-i-Khisti, and the Russian and English Foreign Offices are at loggerheads. The play was revived because, unfortunately, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft have decided very shortly to retire from management, and because this particular play was not included in the Robertsonian farewell series of comedies given at the Haymarket a short time ago. It would have been, no doubt, a disappointment to very many if that pleasant and pretty volume full of old Prince-of-Wales-Theatre recollections had been closed without showing us once more the original Mary Netley and the Hugh Chalcoet of Mr. Bancroft. Many may have forgotten that in the first cast of "Ours" Mr. Bancroft was the young lover, Hugh M'Alister, who composes pretty verses for young ladies, and flirts with them, sheltering from the rain, *sub tegmine fagi*. But Mr. Bancroft soon abandoned light comedy for strongly marked character parts. He succeeded Mr. Dewar as Tom Stylus and Mr. John Clarke as Hugh Chalcoet in the two earliest plays of Robertson, and he has played them with renewed point and strength ever since. As for Mary Netley, there could be only one representative of that delightful character. This and other congenial characters were written for Mrs. Bancroft, and no one but Mrs. Bancroft can be quite satisfactory in them. People complain of the absurdity of several scenes in "Ours," particularly the playing at soldiers by the two light-hearted girls in the Crimean hut. But it always struck me that the objection was quite as extravagant as the incident. If Mary Netley had not been painted as she was, understood as she was, and acted as she was, of course such a scene would have been impossible; but I can find nothing in Mary or her friend so babyish, unnatural, or even so hard-hearted, as some severe critics represent. I see only two merry unconventional girls, full of high spirits at the novelty of landing in the Crimea, and full of joy at the prospect of an early meeting with the men they love. They are not sketched or represented as either frivolous or inhuman. They are borne away by the excitement of the moment, as many girls are, and do not pause to reflect or to be serious. In the old days, when these plays were first produced, we never saw these blemishes that are now so constantly—and no doubt with reason—pointed out. I have seen many an audience moved to tears by the exquisite playing of Sergeant Jones by Fred Younge, an actor who had an appreciation of a tender situation such as I have never seen equalled. The parting between Sergeant Jones and the young ladies in the drawing-room, the sense of military duty and discipline overbearing the full heart that is swelling almost to bursting under the affectionate fellow's tunic, and that wonderful throb in the voice with which Younge used to bring up before the mind a whole future of despair with the words, "the missus is waiting down-stairs in the hall for me now"—that was something like acting, was it not? Robertson's plays would never have lived a week if they had not been understood. Where are the tears now when Sergeant Jones says anything? Not a single eye can squeeze out one, for the pathos is not even suggested. I don't think in the old days we regarded Lady Shendryn as a vulgar, uncongenial, irrational woman, who tries to be comic at her husband's expense; or Sir Alexander as a mixture of boor and martinet, whose utterances with "my lady" that once caused a laugh now produce a shudder. It was the fashion, once upon a time, to love Blanche Haye and to admire her soldier lover, Angus. But alas! the romance has gone, the poetry has disappeared. Nothing, no bad acting in the world, can crush the emotion that uprises at the scene of the departure of the soldiers. No time or circumstance can kill that. The most jaded audience awakes to enthusiasm when the soldiers march and the bands play and the cheers ring out. There may be less of the passion of desperation in the last hurried embrace of Angus; there may be less truth and humanity in the heart-wrung cry of the love-lorn Blanche Haye, as she falls fainting on the ground as the regiment marches away; but the incident remains the most stirring and pathetic in the whole range of drama, because it is effected wholly on its dramatic merits and without the aid of scenic illusion. Nothing can deprive Robertson of the credit of that one scene. Lydia Footes and Harry Montagues do not appear on the stage every day in the week, and it is true that the younger school has not had the advantage of getting touch of that wonderful enthusiasm that was part and parcel of Robertson's nature; but it may be fairly asked whether the most modern school of acting has the appreciation, the mere sympathy for what is both funny and touching that the young folk had in Robertson's time? I fairly think not. Natural acting, as it is called, requires something more than committing many words to memory, and gabbling them off without appearing to understand them. Point-making, when unduly emphasised, belongs to the most artificial style of acting, but playing without point at all results in desperate dullness. Every actor and actress ought to have the power of influencing every mind in the theatre to a greater or less degree. They speak words that are to be heard and understood also. But in these later days it is the voice only that we hear, *vox et præterea nihil*. They speak words, but they present no individuality of character. The consequence is that the audience does not sympathise with them, and ends with not attending to them. They "personate" no one but themselves; and their individual characters may be very interesting to their own immediate circle, but not to the playgoing public. The marvel is that those who watch Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft night after night cannot appreciate the difference between acting and talking.

C. S.

A matinée will be given at St. George's Hall, next Wednesday, for the benefit of Miss Edith Heraud. Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Dion Bouicault, Lady Monckton, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Mrs. Aylmer Gowing, Mr. J. L. Toole, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. Charles Wyndham, Mr. Charles Warner, Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and others have promised to assist on the occasion.

The general meeting of the members of the Art Union of London was held on Tuesday in the Adelphi Theatre, Strand. The council in their report stated that the subscription of the year amounts to £8786. Of this amount £2265 was allotted for prizes.

Mr. W. Cornwallis West presided on Tuesday evening, at the Memorial Hall, over a meeting held to urge the introduction of the intermediate Education Bill for Wales, when several gentlemen interested in the cause of education in the Principality insisted that the measure ought to be at once passed, or at any rate laid on the table of the House of Commons, so that it might be seen and discussed.

MUSIC.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company, at Drury-Lane Theatre, have given since our last notice repetitions of works recently commented on. Mr. A. Goring Thomas's new opera, "Nadeshda" (fully noticed by us last week), has been repeated several times with a success similar to that of its first production. The next specialty will be the first performance in London of the English version of M. Massenet's "Manon," as brought out by Mr. Rosa last January at the Court Theatre, Liverpool. The London cast will include Madame Marie Roze in the title-character, and Mr. B. McGuckin as the Chevalier des Grieux. Some changes, including a new scena for Manon, have been made specially for Mr. Rosa's company by the composer. The opera is to be produced here on May 7. For this (Saturday) evening, the first and only performance this season of Mr. Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda" is announced.

The Philharmonic Society's concert of last week—the fourth of the seventy-third season—brought forward a new symphony, expressly written for the society by the eminent composer, Herr Anton Dvorák, who conducted its performance. The work consists of four divisions, "Allegro Maestoso," "Andante sostenuto e molto tranquillo," "Scherzo" (with trio), and final "Allegro." The opening and closing movements (both in D minor) are distinguished by great vigour and impulsive romanticism, offering some fine climaxes, and a strong reflection of the Slavonic nationality of the composer. The slow movement is in a flowing and melodious style that contrasts well with the more demonstrative tone of the first and final divisions. The scherzo has much strongly marked rhythmical character, relieved by the graceful trio. The symphony and its composer were enthusiastically received. Other familiar works—skilfully directed by Sir Arthur Sullivan, conductor to the society—made up a varied programme, of which we need only specify Weber's pianoforte "Concertstück," brilliantly played by Mlle. Kleeberg; the beautiful duet "How sweet the moonlight" (from Sir A. Sullivan's "Kenilworth"), expressively sung by Miss M. Etherington and Mr. E. Lloyd; and Walther's "Preislied," rendered by Mr. Lloyd.

The benefit concert of Mr. Manns, at the Crystal Palace, last Saturday afternoon, formed the usual pendent to the series of Saturday concerts, the twenty-ninth season of which closed on the previous Saturday, when Berlioz's "Te Deum" was produced, for the first time in England, as noticed by us last week. The concert now referred to included the "Verwandlungsmusik" and the closing scene from the first act of Wagner's "Parsifal," the last stage work of the composer, which has already been commented on. The orchestral features of the extracts were well rendered on Saturday, as were the incidental vocal passages by Mr. Watkin Mills; but in some instances the chorus (especially the choir of boys) might have been better. Mlle. Pauline Cramer (from the Munich Opera) made a very favourable impression by her dramatic singing in the soprano solo from Weber's "Oberon," as did Mlle. Kleeberg in her performance of Mozart's Piano-forte Concerto in D minor. Signor Foli and Mr. E. Lloyd contributed to the vocal programme, and Mr. J. Dunn played a violin fantasia by Ernst with skilful execution. Mr. Manns received the usual warm greeting on the completion of another period of his occupancy of the office of conductor. The summer season will be inaugurated this (Saturday) afternoon by a grand concert, which will include a performance of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," with the co-operation of a chorus numbering about six hundred voices.

Mr. William Carter's sixth grand national concert—in celebration of St. George's Day—was a great success. Madame Christine Nilsson, Mr. Sims Reeves, and other eminent artists, contributed effective performances.

Herr Peiniger, a skilful violinist, gave the first of three recitals at Prince's Hall on Tuesday afternoon.

Señor Sarasate's second orchestral concert takes place at St. James's Hall this (Saturday) afternoon; and in the evening the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society will give the third concert of the thirteenth season at the Royal Albert Hall; and the Musical Artists' Society will give the thirty-sixth performance of new compositions at Willis's Rooms.

The students' orchestral concert of the Royal Academy of Music, which took place yesterday (Friday) week at St. James's Hall, gave good proofs of the efficient course of study pursued there, in instrumental and vocal performance, and in composition. Several commendable new works were produced, and the soloists in pianoforte and violin pieces displayed highly cultivated skill. Mr. W. Shakespeare conducted ably.

The evening concert of the Vocal Academy of the late Madame Sainton-Dolby took place notwithstanding her decease, as specially requested by herself. It was held at Prince's Hall, yesterday (Friday) week, and included a performance of her cantata, "Florimel," a graceful composition for female solos and chorus. The music is especially vocal in its flowing melody, and was very well rendered, the soloists having been Misses F. Moody, Hyde, and A. Foster. The second part of the programme consisted, by desire of the students, entirely of music by the deceased composer; and included a pleasing song, "Ladylove," from her cantata, "Thalassa," excellently sung by Mr. E. Lloyd. Several students, besides those above named, contributed efficient performances. M. Sainton conducted.

The famous Richter Concerts entered on their eleventh season at St. James's Hall last Monday evening, when very fine orchestral performances were given of Wagner's overture to "Tannhäuser," Schubert's uncompleted symphony in B minor, Liszt's fourth Hungarian rhapsody, the prelude to Wagner's "Parsifal," and Beethoven's seventh symphony (in A). Herr Richter was enthusiastically welcomed on his reappearance.

A concert of vocal and instrumental music was given on Tuesday evening by the Merchant Taylors' School Choral and Orchestral Societies; and on the same evening Miss Edith Brand gave a concert for her pupils at The Abbey, Campden-hill-road, Kensington, by permission of Mrs. William Abbott. Mr. Ernest Kiver's concert of chamber music was given on Wednesday evening at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. Madame Jenny Viard-Louis gave at Prince's Hall on Thursday the first of her third series of Beethoven's works; and Miss Synge's pianoforte recital takes place this (Saturday) afternoon at Prince's Hall. Mlle. Lilas Spontini gives her matinée musicale next Monday at Messrs. Collard's Concert-Rooms; and Mr. W. Nicholl's concert takes place next Friday evening at Steinway Hall. Signor Romano will give his annual concert on Monday morning, the 11th inst., at Messrs. Collard's Pianoforte and Concert Rooms, 16, Grosvenor-street. Signor L. Denza's annual concert is fixed for Saturday evening, May 16, at Prince's Hall. He will be assisted by Signor Raimo's drawing-room orchestra, and by several eminent singers.

Mr. W. H. Holmes—distinguished as a pianist, and the oldest professor at the Royal Academy of Music—died last week at an advanced age. He entered as a student on the opening of the Academy, in 1822, and was the instructor of many eminent musicians.

THE COUNTRY AROUND HERAT.

Our Extra Supplement is a Bird's-Eye View of the north-western border region of Afghanistan for some two hundred miles around Herat, including the territory of Badghis, between the Heri-Rud and the Murghab rivers, with the Kushk river joining the latter near Pul-i-Khisti and Ak Tapa, where the conflict between the Russians and Afghans took place on March 30; and Penjdeh and Maruchak will be seen on the banks of the Murghab at a short distance. The boundary line claimed by Russia, which is marked on our Engraving by a line of small crosses, would appropriate those positions to the Russian dominion; it would bend southward from the Zulfikar Pass to Ak Robat, thence running to Chaman-i-Bed and eastward to Bala Murghab, the site of Sir Peter Lumsden's winter camp. The road from Herat to Maimana and to the other provinces of Afghan Turkestan, which are of great political importance to the Ameer's sovereignty, passes eastward from Bala Murghab. This is probably the most serious matter of consideration with regard to the limitation of Afghan territory on the Kushk and Murghab, where there is no population of Afghan race. The hill-ranges immediately north of Herat can be crossed by several not very difficult passes; and it would be still more easy for an invader to approach Herat from the Persian territory, crossing the Heri-Rud at the Tirpul bridge, just above Kuhsan. The amount of Russian forces actually disposable for an attack on Herat within the next few weeks may depend on the condition of the Russian line of railway in the Trans-Caspian. All we know is that this line is certainly being made at the present moment from Kizil Arvat to Askabad, and a 2 ft. 4 in. gauge railway, or more correctly steam tramway, connects Mikhailovsk, near Krasnovodsk, with Bami or with Beurma. From Kizil Arvat to Askabad is 161 miles, from Askabad to Sarakhs 171 miles, and from Sarakhs to Herat 202 miles. These are the new Russian advantages acquired since 1881 for the conduct of another campaign beyond Askabad, and possibly for an advance to Herat.

EXPLOSION AT THE ADMIRALTY.

On Thursday week, a few minutes before eleven in the morning, the Admiralty Office in Whitehall was the scene of an explosion caused by some apparatus maliciously placed in one of the rooms; and we regret to say that severe personal injuries were inflicted on a gentleman officially employed there. The room in which it occurred overlooks a small inclosed garden facing the open space of the Horse Guards Parade, St. James's Park. This apartment was occupied by Mr. Swainson, Assistant Permanent Under-Secretary of the Admiralty. It is about 15 ft. by 13 ft., and 12 ft. in height, lighted by two large windows. In common with the arrangements at other official buildings, special precautions had been taken of late to guard the Admiralty. The spacious quadrangle facing Whitehall was duly watched and patrolled; detectives stood in the entrance-hall, and at points along the corridors and staircases. There are but two ways of approaching Mr. Swainson's room; either by the passage leading from the central hall, or from the garden door on the Parade. The garden door was supposed to be kept locked, and there was a policeman on his beat. In spite of these precautions, some person must have contrived to get access to Mr. Swainson's room. That gentleman came to the office, as usual, at a quarter past ten in the morning, entered through the Whitehall quadrangle, and passed through the front entrance-hall to his own room. Half an hour afterwards, the sound of an explosion was heard, and from the shattered windows of the room, at the back of the building, a volume of dust and smoke poured forth. A policeman and some of the officials hastened to Mr. Swainson's room, and found that gentleman lying in a corner, quite insensible, and bleeding from severe cuts on the head and hands; his hair and beard were singed, and were full of dust, fragments of plaster, and splinters of wood and glass. The interior of the room was a complete wreck. The two windows were blown out; a swing door communicating with a staircase was wrenched from its hinges and hurled against the balustrade of the staircase and broken up; the ceiling was torn, and great strips of the wall laid bare. Scraps of lath and plaster hung down over the mass of rubbish which covered the floor. Strong office furniture dislodged from its place was damaged and broken, but not altogether destroyed. A book-case which was fixed between the two windows had been wrenched from the wall, and its contents scattered. Immediately above the line of the book-case was a large disruption of plaster from the wall, of irregular oval form, about 2½ feet by 2 feet. From this it would appear that the exploding apparatus had been placed on the book-shelves, and that the first flash took a lateral direction, not, as in the action of dynamite, a vertical direction. Neither the ceiling immediately above, nor the floor beneath, which rests on vaulted arches, showed any such effect of vertical explosive force as in other instances where dynamite was employed. The floor was covered several inches thick with broken plaster, glass, and general debris. Judging from the force that must have been exercised on the furniture, doors, and windows, it is wonderful that Mr. Swainson, who was sitting at the desk close to the book-case, should have escaped with his life. The room was seen and minutely examined by Colonel Majendie, Inspector of Explosives, and Mr. Dupré. After their visit a photograph was taken of the scene, exactly as it appeared when the full effects of the outrage were known. The external damage was slight. Not more than a score of windows of the other offices and rooms of the Admiralty were broken. It is thought probable that the explosive material was gun-cotton, in some way connected with gunpowder, and ignited by a short-time fuse. Fragments of a gallipot, and of a small iron pot, have been found among the rubbish in the room. Mr. Swainson, who had suffered a severe concussion of the brain, regained consciousness after some hours, but can remember nothing that happened immediately before the explosion. It is hoped that he will completely recover from the injuries which he has sustained.

Mr. W. A. Hutchings has been appointed Superintendent of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, consequent on the retirement of Mr. Richard H. Gatehouse, after thirty-four years' active and creditable service.

Mr. Charles Beal has been appointed a Registrar of the Supreme Court of Judicature, in succession of the late Mr. Teesdale, and the vacancy caused by Mr. Beal's appointment has been filled up by the appointment of Mr. Bloxam as a Clerk to the Chancery Registrars.

The first party of little girls sent out by the Church Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays has left Liverpool for Quebec in the Polynesia. They proceed, in charge of the Rev. J. Bridger, to the society's home at Sherbrooke, and thence they will be distributed amongst settlers and others as suitable homes are found for them. This branch of the society's work is managed by two committees, the English one presided over by the Bishop of Bedford and that in Canada by the Bishop of Quebec.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The great speech of Mr. Gladstone on Monday has been the theme of general admiration, not only in Parliament, in the Press, and all over the country, but likewise throughout Europe. It was an oration worthy a high-principled and courageous British Minister. It roused the House to enthusiasm. It warned Russia that England was thoroughly in earnest, and would not endure much longer the delays and prevarications of Russian statecraft in regard to the settlement of the disputed Afghan frontier line violated by General Komaroff.

Mr. Gladstone, who was a little late in taking his seat on the Treasury bench next the Marquis of Hartington on Monday afternoon, looked hale and erect, and, as is usual with him when he has to make an important speech, wore a flower in his button-hole—a brilliant red one on this occasion. Prior to the arrival of the Prime Minister, the House had learned with satisfaction from Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice that, with respect to the suspension at Cairo of the French journal, the *Bosphore Egyptien*, her Majesty's Government were "on the point of coming to an arrangement on this question satisfactory to France, Egypt, and themselves." It was in easy, conversational tones that the Premier informed the House that General Sir Peter Lumsden had desired Mr. Stephen to leave for London in order to convey to Lord Granville "a map and detailed despatch of all the circumstances connected with the Russian attack on the Afghans at Penjdeh." Mr. Gladstone quietly waved aside an inconvenient interrogation addressed to him by the irrepressible Mr. Ashmead Bartlett from his place next the infinitesimal "Fourth Party," which was quite jubilant again, by-the-way, at the return of the bronzed head and front of its offending, Lord Randolph Churchill. Parenthetically, apropos of the special mission of Mr. Stephen to the Foreign Secretary, it may be remarked that Mr. William Simpson, lately the Special Artist of the *Illustrated London News*, with Sir Peter Lumsden, is on his way home, and would probably be in a position to give the Government useful information concerning the topography of the debated frontier, and respecting the Russian and Afghan movements antecedent to the "unhappy incident" at Penjdeh.

The Government, for reasons of "high policy," deemed it advisable to lump together the vote for the Sudan and that for the War preparations. Not so Mr. Arthur O'Connor, who, when Mr. Gladstone moved that the House should go into Committee on the vote, rose to introduce a resolution affirming it to be desirable to divide the two votes. Though the amendment was seconded by Sir Henry Holland, and supported by Mr. W. H. Smith and others, it was not generally approved, and was negatived by a majority of 43—229 against 186 votes; a result greeted with cheers and counter-cheers.

The House was then, so to speak, cleared for action. Sir Arthur Otway took the chair in place of the Speaker, and made known that the question before the Committee was the Vote of Credit for Eleven Millions. Mr. Gladstone was not long before he gave eloquent proof that there was really no need for the opening apology for his hoarseness. Clear and trenchant was the speech in which he solicited the grant of the £11,000,000—six millions and a half for "special preparations," and four and a half millions for the Sudan expenses, or for "another purpose." Cheered with remarkable heartiness were the chief points. Ministerialists uttered their "Hear, hears," with lively emphasis when Mr. Gladstone made an interruption on the part of Lord Randolph Churchill the peg on which to hang a vivacious but hardly judicious criticism on the preceding Government's Vote of Credit in 1878—when, it will be remembered, the Russians were almost at the gates of Constantinople. The historical reminiscences got rid of, the termination of the Sudan war was justified, and Mr. Gladstone was warmly cheered when he came to "the proposition that it is a paramount duty incumbent upon us of holding our forces in the Sudan available for service wherever the call of duty and honour may take them in the service of the British Empire." In support of the "national and imperial policy," which he advocated with a vehemence worthy of Lord Beaconsfield himself, the Premier said the Government had laboured and continue to labour "for an honourable settlement by pacific means," but demonstrated that it was indispensably necessary to prepare for any eventuality—i.e., war with Russia. Citing our obligations to protect Afghanistan against invasion, the Prime Minister lucidly recounted the sinister occurrences on the Afghan frontier—the "woeful engagement of the 30th of March" following the "solemn covenant" of March 16 to maintain the statu quo. In a most impressive peroration, Mr. Gladstone concluded:—

We know that the attack was a Russian attack; we know that the Afghans suffered in life, in spirit, and in repute; we know that a blow was struck at the credit and authority of a Sovereign, our protected ally, who had committed no offence. All I say, Sir, is that we cannot, in that state of things, close this book and say—We will look into it no more. We must do our best to have right done in the matter. Under these circumstances, there is a case for preparation, and I hope that the House will feel with me, after what I have said about the necessity we are under of holding Soudanese funds available for services elsewhere—I hope the House will not press upon us a demand for time, which can have no other effect than that of propagating here and elsewhere a belief that there is some indecision in the mind of Parliament—(loud cheers); whereas I believe that with one heart, and one soul, and one purpose only, while reserving the absolute liberty of judging the conduct of the Government and visiting them with its consequences, they will go forward to perform and meet the demands of justice and the calls of honour, and will, subject only to justice and to honour, labour for the purposes of peace. (Loud and general cheers.)

Spellbound, as it were, by the masterful eloquence of Mr. Gladstone, the House unanimously agreed to the Vote of Credit, and enthusiastically cheered the Prime Minister. Compared with this momentous Parliamentary episode, all other subjects paled their ineffectual fires, till the night came for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to unfold his Budget—a statement which must be reviewed next week.

The Lord Mayor presided at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign School Society, held on Tuesday in the Mansion House.

Mr. Bright has written intimating his acceptance of the invitation of the Liberal Council of the Central Division of Birmingham to become their candidate at the next election.

The Bishop of London and the Lord Mayor have become Vice Presidents of the British Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Females at Lower Clapton.

The New Times coach, which is put upon the road and horsed by Mr. W. Shoolbred, began its thirteenth season on Thursday week, running from Piccadilly to the Angel Hotel at Guildford. This coach will run daily to Guildford and back (Sundays excepted) until the end of August.

A number of gentlemen assembled at the new Albert Exhibition Palace at Battersea last Saturday for the purpose of inspecting the building, which will be opened early in May. After luncheon, which was presided over by Sir R. W. Carden, M.P., an organ recital was given.

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The FRAGRANT FLORILINE should be used in all cases of bad breath, and particularly by gentlemen after smoking. The Floriline combines, in a concentrated form, the most desirable, cleansing, and antiseptic properties. At the same time, it contains nothing which can possibly injure the most sensitive and delicate organisation.
It beautifies the teeth and gums.
It arrests the decay of the teeth.
It acts as a detergent after smoking.
It renders the gums hard and healthy.
It neutralises the offensive secretions of the month.
It imparts to the breath a fragrance purely aromatic and pleasant.
Put up in large bottles (only one size) and in elegant toilet-cases, complete, at 2s. 6d. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited, Farringdon-road, London.

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.

Sweet as the ambrosial air,
With its perfume rich and rare;
Sweet as violets at the morn;
Which the emerald nooks adorn;
Sweet as rosebuds bursting forth
From the richly-laden earth,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

The teeth it makes a pearly white,
So pure and lovely to the sight;
The gums assume a rosy hue,
The breath is sweet as violets blue;
While scented as the flowers of May,
Which cast their sweetness from each spray,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

Sure, some fairy with its hand
Cast around its mystic wand,
And produced from fairy's bower
Scented perfumes from each flower;
For in this liquid gem we trace—
All that can beauty add and grace—
Such is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

FLORILINE.

For the TEETH and BREATH.

Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world; it thoroughly cleanses partially decayed teeth of all parasites or living "animalcules," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per Bottle. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke.
For children and adults whose teeth show marks of decay its advantages are paramount. The "Floriline" should be thoroughly brushed into all the cavities; no one need fear using it too often or too much at a time. Among the ingredients being soda, honey, spirits of wine, borax, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants, it forms not only the very best dentifrice for cleansing ever discovered, but one that is perfectly delicious to the taste and as harmless as sherry. The taste is so pleasing that, instead of taking up the toothbrush with dislike, as is often the case, children will on no account omit to use the "Floriline" regularly each morning, if only left to their own choice. Children cannot be taught the use of the toothbrush too young; early neglect invariably produces premature decay of the teeth. "Floriline" is sold by all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world, at 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE.

For the TEETH and BREATH.

If teeth are white and beautiful,
It keeps them so intact,
If they're discoloured in the least,
It brings their whiteness back;
And by its use what good effects
Are daily to be seen;
Thus hence it is that general praise
Greets "FRAGRANT FLORILINE!"

One trial proves conclusive quite,
That by its constant use
The very best effects arise
That science can produce.
It is the talk of every age,
"An all-absorbing theme."
Whilst general now becomes the use
Of "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

It makes the breath as sweet as flowers,
The teeth a pearly white;
The gums it hardens, and it gives
Sensations of delight.
All vile secretions it removes,
However long they've been;
The enamel, too, it will preserve,
The "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

FLORILINE.

For the TEETH and BREATH.

It may or may not be generally known that microscopic examinations have proved that animal or vegetable parasites gather, unobserved by the naked eye, upon the teeth and gums of at least nine persons in every ten; any individual may easily satisfy himself of this matter by placing a powerful microscope over a partially-decayed tooth, when the living animalcules will be found to resemble a partially-decayed cheese more than anything else we can compare it to. We may also state that the FRAGRANT FLORILINE is the only remedy yet discovered able perfectly to free the teeth and gums from these parasites without the slightest injury to the teeth or the most tender gums.

Read this.—From the "Weekly Times," March 26, 1871.—"There are so many toilet articles which obtain all their celebrity from being constantly and extensively advertised that it makes it necessary when anything new and good is introduced to the public that special attention should be called to it. The most delightful and effective toilet article for cleansing and beautifying the teeth that we in a long experience have ever used is the new Fragrant Floriline. It is quite a pleasure to use it, and its properties of imparting a fragrance to the breath and giving a pearly whiteness to the teeth make it still more valuable. Of all the numerous nostrums for cleaning the teeth which from time to time have been fashionable and popular, nothing to be compared with the Floriline has hitherto been produced, whether considered as a beautifier or a valuable cleanser and preserver of the teeth and gums."
From the "Young Ladies' Journal."—"An agreeable dentifrice is always a luxury. As one of the most agreeable may be reckoned Floriline. It cleanses the teeth and imparts a pleasant odour to the breath. It has been analysed by several eminent professors of chemistry, and they concur in their testimony to its usefulness and safety. We therefore heartily recommend a dentifrice to our readers; therefore we cannot do better than advise them to try the Fragrant Floriline."

FLORILINE.

For the TEETH and BREATH.

I have heard a strange statement, dear Fanny, to-day,
That the reason that teeth do decay
Is traced to some objects that form in the gums,
And eat them in time quite away.
Animalcules, they say, are engendered—that is,
If the mouth is not wholesome and clean;
And I also have heard to preserve them the best
Is the fragrant, the sweet "FLORILINE!"

Oh, yes! it is true that secretions will cause
Living objects to form on your teeth,
And certainly and silently do they gnaw on
In cavities made underneath;
But a certain preservative has now been found
To keep your mouth wholesome and clean;
And you're perfectly right, for your teeth to preserve,
There's nothing like sweet "FLORILINE!"

'Tis nice and refreshing, and pleasant to use,
And no danger its use can attend;
For clever physicians and dentists as well
Their uniform praises now blend.
They say it's the best preparation that's known,
And evident proofs have they seen,
That nothing can equal the virtues that dwell
In the fragrant, the sweet "FLORILINE!"

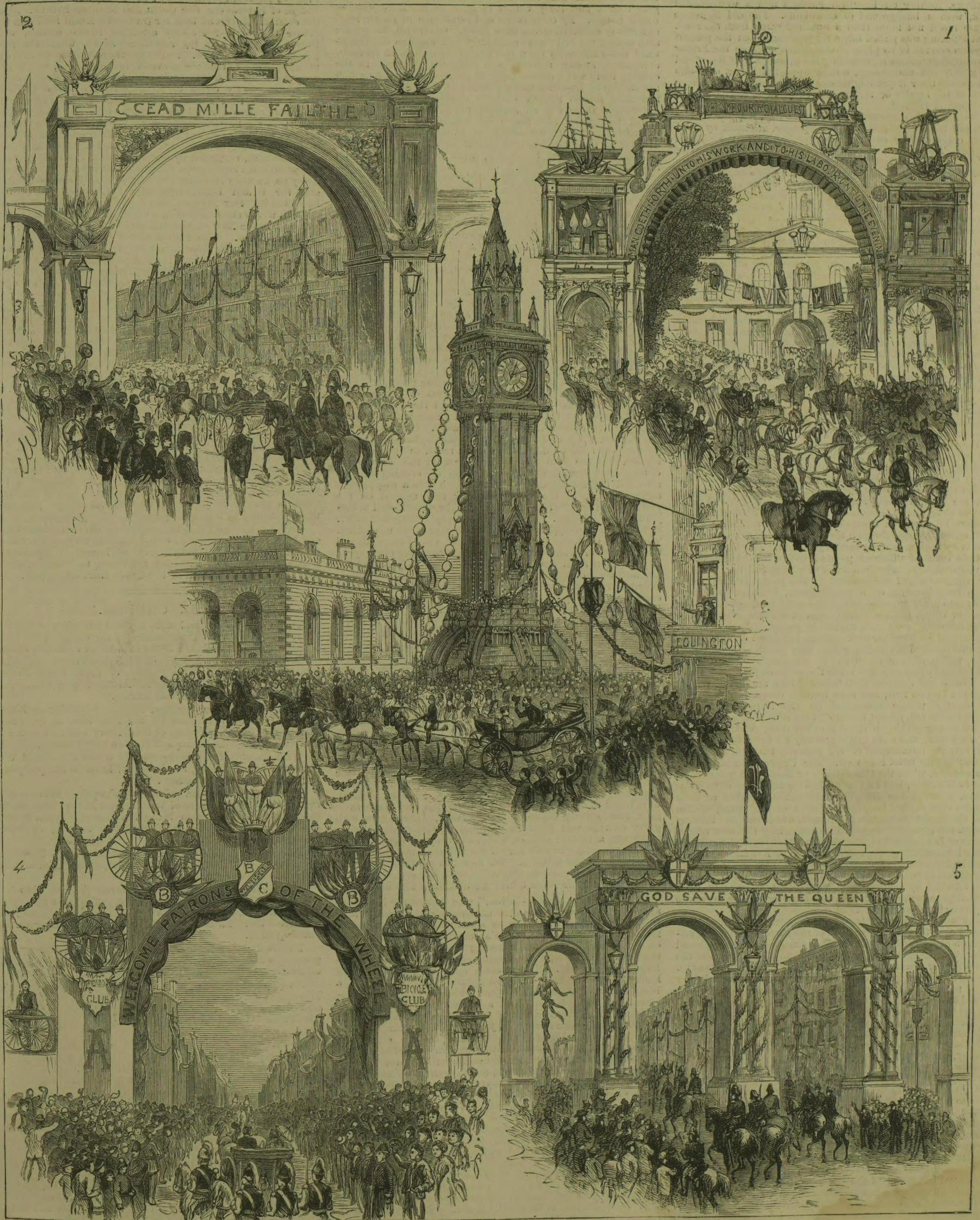
FLORILINE.

For the TEETH and BREATH.

The "Christian World" of March 17, 1871, says, with respect to Floriline—"Floriline bids fair to become a household word in England, and one of peculiarly pleasant meaning. It would be difficult to conceive a more efficacious and agreeable preparation for the teeth. Those who once begin to use it will certainly never willingly stop."
Dr. G. H. Jones, of 37, Great Russell-street, London, Surgeon-Dentist and Doctor of Dental Surgery, F.R.S.L., F.R.S.D., F.R.C.S., &c., in his pamphlet, "Painless Dentistry," says:—
"I consider 'Fragrant Floriline' is, without exception, an excellent preparation for the teeth and gums."
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Royal Visit to Ireland

CEAD MILE FAILTNI



1. Mechanics' Arch.

2. Arch in York-road.

3. Albert Memorial.

4. Bicycle Arch.

5. Arch in Glengall-place.

RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT BELFAST: FESTIVE ARCHES AND DECORATIONS.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince Albert Victor Edward of Wales, during their sojourn with Earl and Countess Spencer at Killarney, on Friday and Saturday, the 17th and 18th ult., enjoyed pleasant excursions amidst the romantic scenery of that neighbourhood. They were staying at Killarney House, the mansion of the Earl and Countess of Kenmare, who had permitted Lord and Lady Spencer to act as host and hostess upon this occasion, but who remained with the Royal party. The celebrated Lakes of Killarney are three in number—the Upper Lake; the Middle, Muckross or Tore Lake; and the Lower Lake, or Lough Laune. The last is much the largest, being nine miles long by four and a half miles broad. Tourists know the excursion from Killarney town through the Gap of Dunloe, and home through the three lakes. The road journey is fourteen, and the passage of the lakes twelve, Irish miles.

Killarney House, a large building of red brick, designed in a mixture of the Gothic and Tudor styles, stands on the Lower Lake, Lough Laune, half a mile from the water. It is a handsome edifice, with broad courts and pleasant oriel windows, looking on beautiful gardens and a well-wooded park, with a background of mountains. The old Kenmare House stood not more than a hundred yards from the road. That building was pulled down six years ago, and the present mansion erected in its place. At eleven o'clock on the Friday morning deputations representing the grand jury of Kerry and the gentry and magistracy, waited upon the Prince of Wales to welcome their Royal Highnesses to Killarney, and to assure them of the loyalty of the Queen's subjects in this portion of the South of Ireland.

Soon after this ceremony, the Royal party, accompanied by the Lord Lieutenant and Countess Spencer, attended by their suite, entered their carriages and proceeded to the Gap of Dunloe. The Earl of Kenmare, the Marchioness of Kildare, and Lady Emily Kingscote were of the party. They were escorted as far as the entrance to the Gap by a small body of the 11th Hussars, in undress uniform, under command of Lieutenant Warburton. The Royal visitors drove through Lord Kenmare's demesne, and on at a smart pace to the entrance to the Gap, about seven miles from the town of Killarney. Here, at Kate Kearney's cottage, the escort was dismissed, and the Royal party proceeded over a rugged road to the Gap cottages, where there is a house, kept by Mrs. French, for the sale of articles of marqueterie, of arbutus and other Irish woods, and bog-oak ornaments. Their Royal Highnesses entered the cottage, and, having examined Mrs. French's stock, selected a beautiful round table, in the centre of which Muckross Abbey is represented, a card-table of similar description, and a number of brooches, bracelets, and other articles made of bog-oak. All the members of the Royal party did Mrs. French the honour of writing their names in her visiting-book. At this point of the route the Royal carriage was sent back, and a couple of jaunting-cars were ready for the conveyance of the Princess of Wales, Countess Spencer, and other ladies, to the point near Lord Brandon's cottage on the upper lake, where Lord Kenmare's barge was awaiting them. The Princess, however, preferred walking until a great part of the Gap had been traversed.

The Gap of Dunloe is a wild, deep glen running due north and south between the Macgillicuddy Reeks and the Purple Mountain, which is a shoulder of the Toomies. The entire length of the pass is between four and five miles from the northern entrance to the Black Valley. The rocks, at either side, are high, rugged, and precipitous, and approach each other so closely as to leave but a narrow space between. Huge boulders lie scattered alongside the narrow pathway; and a small stream courses through the valley, which at times, when swollen by rain, becomes a foaming torrent. This little stream expands itself at different points into five small lakes, which are picturesque features in a scene of wild grandeur.

Having attained the summit of the pass, the Princess of Wales took her seat on a jaunting-car, while Prince Albert Victor sat on the opposite side. The second car contained the Prince of Wales and the Marchioness of Kildare, others of the party following on rough mountain ponies. Earl Spencer, with several gentlemen, took a short cut down the mountain side, and awaited his Royal guests near the National School-house, where, after a circuitous course, they reached a better road leading by an easy descent to the banks of the Upper Lake. The Prince and Princess were followed by a number of people on ponies and on foot, and were heartily cheered by groups of the country people assembled on the hills. No special incident occurred, except that the Princess of Wales, observing a blind fiddler playing at the side of the road, called one of the Royal servants, and gave him a gratuity for the poor musician.

When the termination of the pass was reached, a scene of singular beauty burst into view. The Upper Lake lay before the spectator, while the Coom-Dhuv or Black Valley stretched away to the right, and on every side lofty hills were to be seen. Behind, towered the Macgillicuddy Reeks, streaked at their summits with snow; but the monarch of the range, Carnn Tual, the highest mountain in Ireland, was invisible. Passing through the gate of the grounds surrounding the now ruined cottage of Lord Brandon, the Royal visitors reached the banks of the lake, and took their seats in Lord Kenmare's barge, which had the Royal standard hoisted at her stern. Rowed by ten stalwart oarsmen, the Royal barge sped quickly down the lake, followed by another barge containing the suite of their Royal Highnesses, and by numerous boats belonging to private persons or hired by visitors.

The lakes of Killarney have been frequently described. The Upper Lake, though the smallest of the three, is generally admired on account of its wild rocky shores and numerous small islets. The Long Range, which connects the Upper and the Middle Lake, presents a variety of scenes of singular beauty. The Middle Lake is a spacious sheet of water surrounded by grand mountains of varied outline, and having splendidly wooded banks. The Lower Lake, Lough Laune, has scattered over its surface about thirty islands of every variety of size and form, the principal being Innisfallen and Ross Islands, both celebrated in song and story. Before leaving the upper lake the party landed on a rocky promontory called Derry-cunilly, where they lunched in a cottage belonging to Lord Kenmare. In passing through the Long Range, the barge was stopped for a few minutes to hear the echoes repeating with great distinctness airs played by a bugler who acted as guide to a party of visitors from the Railway Hotel.

At the end of the Middle Lake is the old weir. Some of the boats were able to shoot the harmless rapid under the ancient bridge. The Royal barge was too heavily freighted. The gentlemen got out and walked round, leaving the Princess, Lady Spencer, Lady Kildare, and Lady Emily Kingscote to undergo the sensation of the narrow, swift, broken channel. Here is "the Meeting of the Waters"—not that of Wicklow, of which Moore sang, but an imaginary junction of the lakes. Rain began to fall as the expedition arrived thus far, and it showed no signs of discontinuing on the Lower Lake; on the contrary, the veil over the mountains increased its folds, and the boats, instead of calling at Glenna, as was intended, went straight to Lord Kenmare's landing-place at Killarney.

On the Saturday, the weather being fine, the Royal tourists

took up the programme where it was dropped on Friday, rowing to Glenna to luncheon. Lord Kenmare has a cottage orrce on the shore of the bay, and the luncheon was there served. The Princess of Wales expressed her admiration of the fine combination of mountain, lake, bay, and wood which makes Glenna one of the most charming places of the district. Just opposite is Brickeen Island, connected by a bridge with the Muckross peninsula. The expedition was again in motion. The three boats, pulled by Lord Kenmare's men—the eight-oared barge flying the Royal standard, leading the way—made across to Castle Lough Bay. The ivy-clad ruins of the castle stand at the end of a natural causeway of turf, and over its ancient trees and evergreens the union-jack waved freely. The ruins of Muckross Abbey are the chief attraction at this place. The Royal visitors lingered long in their admiration of the well-preserved and beautiful cloisters, whose graceful arches inclose the romantically placed quadrangle, with its venerable yew-tree casting shadows beneath.

On this day, as on Friday, the excursion was of a private nature. A number of persons assembled at Dinas, while the Royal guests were lunching at Glenna, and again upon the gravel walk and turf border in front of the Lake Hotel at Castle Lough. By these ladies and gentlemen of course loyal and hearty demonstrations were given. Otherwise, the people seen during the drive were singularly few until on the home-ward route Killarney town was passed through, with its flags, evergreens, arches, mottoes, and delighted citizens. In the evening there was a dinner party at Kenmare House, to which the Bishop of Limerick and a number of resident gentlemen, including several Roman Catholic clergymen, were invited. Afterwards there was an evening party. On Sunday their Royal Highnesses and the Lord Lieutenant and Countess Spencer attended Divine service at Killarney parish church, and during the afternoon they visited Ross Castle, but, owing to the roughness of the water, were not able to take an intended boating excursion.

On Monday (the 20th ult.) their Royal Highnesses left Killarney, returning to Dublin by way of Tralee and Limerick; they were greeted on the journey, at both those towns, by a large assemblage of people at the railway station, and by some of the local authorities presenting addresses of welcome. The Prince of Wales, in reply to the addresses of the Chamber of Commerce, magistrates, clergy, and others at Limerick, said he would have been much gratified, if it had been possible, to have seen more of that important city, and to gain a better acquaintance with its institutions. Their Royal Highnesses went to stay at the Viceroyal Lodge in Phoenix Park, Dublin, with the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Spencer, until Thursday morning. On the Tuesday they were at the Punchestown races, near Naas, but the weather was unfortunately very bad, raining nearly all day. Before going there, they received an address from the Sunday-school children of Dublin, who assembled in the cricket-ground to the number of ten or eleven thousand. A hundred young girls, headed by Miss Plunket, daughter of the Archbishop of Dublin, formed the leading party, and presented a basket of flowers to the Princess of Wales. The Rev. W. Tristram read the address, and the Dean of the Chapel Royal, on behalf of the boys, presented an ornolu card-plate to Prince Albert Victor Edward. On Wednesday, the weather being still rainy, their Royal Highnesses did not go a second time to the Punchestown races, as they had intended, but the Prince of Wales inspected the Royal Irish Constabulary force in the Park; and in the evening they all attended the Dublin Citizens' Ball, which was a magnificent entertainment, in the vast temporary hall erected on the premises of the Royal Dublin Society, the agricultural show-yard at Ball's Bridge. The ball-room was splendidly decorated. Four or five thousand ladies and gentlemen were assembled. The Prince of Wales wore the uniform of a field marshal, and the Princess of Wales wore a dress of green velvet over a jupe of pale green satin and silver gauze draped with Irish lace, fastened with bouquets of shamrock and lilies of the valley. Countess Spencer wore a rich white satin dress, with tablier embroidered in pearls. Shortly after the arrival of the Royal party, dancing was commenced, the Royal quadrille being formed as follows:—The Princess of Wales and Mr. Richard Martin (chairman of the Citizens' Committee); Mrs. Edward Cecil Guinness and the Prince of Wales; Countess Spencer and Mr. E. C. Guinness (High Sheriff of the county of Dublin); Mrs. Richard Martin and Earl Spencer. The Duchess of Manchester danced with Prince Albert Victor Edward. Their Royal Highnesses went next day to Belfast.

An influential conference was held at the Mansion House on Tuesday, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, to advocate more economical administration by the London School Board.

By a fire which occurred in an oil and colour shop at the corner of Gravel-lane and Union-street, Borough, early yesterday week, the proprietor, Mr. H. Chandler, his wife, and son, were burnt to death, and a domestic servant and three little girls were greatly injured. The servant, Alice Ayres, with great courage and presence of mind in the terrible crisis, threw out a feather bed, on which she dropped the children; but in attempting to save herself she fell upon the ground and sustained dreadful injuries. We regret to say that this heroic woman died on Sunday in Guy's Hospital, and one of the three children whom she threw out of the window is also dead.

"The Chittagong Hill-Tribes," who inhabit the highlands above the east coast of the Gulf of Bengal, and are subjects of the British Indian Empire, were spoken of last week in our review of Colonel T. H. Lewin's entertaining book, "A Fly on the Wheel," that officer having resided among them, on the Karnaphuli river, during eight years preceding the Lushai Expedition of 1872. Messrs. Asher and Co., publishers well known for their taste and enterprise, have just issued a beautiful work upon this subject, which is of great ethnological interest. It comprises a translation, by Professor A. H. Keane, the learned compiler of Stanford's "Asia," of Dr. Emil Riebeck's narrative of a journey in that country in the year 1882, with his scientific treatises on the ethnology, anthropology, zoology, and meteorology of the entire region; all finely printed, with numerous wood-engravings interspersed in the text, on loose folio sheets, accompanied by some twenty plates, on cardboard, which represent in photo-lithography (two of the plates are richly coloured) the various types of the native races, their costumes, dwellings, utensils, weapons, ornaments, and other properties, and the skulls of some rare species of animals. There is also a map, carefully drawn, which shows the labyrinth of hill and mountain ranges, with the altitudes duly marked. The whole is inclosed in a portfolio of convenient form, out of which the sheets and plates can be taken separately for perusal at the reader's pleasure. Dr. Riebeck's account is supplemented by eminent German scientific men, Herren Von Danckelman, Grünwedel, Kühn, and Virchow, with special notices of the matters upon which their authority is recognised as standing high in European estimation; but justice is done to the useful works of Colonel Lewin, Dr. W. W. Hunter, and other Englishmen who have written upon the hill tribes of Eastern Bengal and of the Burmese frontier.

THE COURT.

Queen Victoria is in excellent health. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice, accompanied by their suite, arrived at Darmstadt on the morning of Thursday week, and were received at the railway station by the members of the Grand Ducal family. It is officially announced that they very greatly enjoyed their visit to Aix-les-Bains, and that every possible mark of attention and respect was shown to them. Next morning the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the Grand Duke of Hesse drove out, and again in the afternoon for two hours. The weather was so warm and fine that her Majesty was able to read and deal with her telegrams in the open air. Last Saturday the Queen and Princess Beatrice were present at the confirmation of Prince Ernest Louis, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse. Her Majesty also attended the christening of the infant child of Princess Louis of Battenberg, and was one of the sponsors. On Sunday morning her Majesty and the Princess lunched with Prince Alexander of Hesse and the Princess of Battenberg, where they met the Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, Prince Henry and Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg, and Count and Countess Erbach. After the communion service held for the Grand Ducal family in the Palace Chapel, her Majesty attended Divine service, with Princess Beatrice, in the Anglican church, where the Rev. King Commin officiated. In the afternoon the Queen drove to the Rosenhöhe to visit the grave of Princess Alice, which had been decorated with numberless wreaths and floral crosses; and subsequently drove to Kranichstein. Prince Louis of Battenberg left for England in the afternoon, in order to resume his duties on board the Royal yacht. The Queen spent an hour in the Palace gardens at Darmstadt on Monday morning. In the afternoon her Majesty and Princess Beatrice drove to Ludwigshöhe, accompanied by Princes Ernest and Henry of Battenberg, returning by way of Traisa. Princess Beatrice was present at a soirée given by Prince Alexander in the evening. Early on Tuesday morning the Queen, with Princess Beatrice and the Grand Duke, went to the Catholic Church and inspected it. Her Majesty afterwards drove to Prince Emil's garden, where she took walking exercise. At noon the Queen returned to the New Palace, and worked at her correspondence in the garden. The Prince and Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, with their daughter, visited the Queen and lunched with her Majesty; Princess Beatrice, the Grand Duke, and Princess Victoria being present. At five o'clock the Queen's visitors left, and her Majesty drove out in an open carriage in the neighbourhood.

The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland was brought to a close on Monday. The Royal visitors took leave of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn at Baron's Court, and proceeded first to Carrickfergus, receiving addresses at Omagh, Dungannon, and Cookstown. The Prince and Princess, with Prince Albert Victor, afterwards went to Larne, and embarked on the Royal yacht Osborne for Straumar, whence they returned to London. On arriving at Euston Station on Tuesday morning, their Royal Highnesses were enthusiastically welcomed by a large assemblage. The Prince of Wales was present at the Epsom Spring Meeting on Tuesday.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh visited the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours on Thursday week. In the afternoon the Duke and Duchess and Princess Louise paid a visit to the exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. Princess Louise visited the galleries of the Incorporated Society of British Artists. The Duke and Duchess gave a dinner party at Clarence House yesterday week, followed by a musical party.

Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur, children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who have been staying for a week with Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) at Kensington Palace, returned last Saturday afternoon to Windsor, where they will await the return of the Queen from Darmstadt.

THE CHURCH.

The crozier (or pastoral staff) to the Archbishop of Canterbury, which has been subscribed for by the clergy of the archdiocese, has been presented to the Primate at Lambeth Palace.

Drs. King and Bickersteth were consecrated at St. Paul's Cathedral last Saturday as Bishops of Lincoln and Exeter. The consecrating prelates were the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of London and Oxford.

The consecration of the Rev. Thornhill Webber as Bishop of Brisbane will take place on the 26th inst. at St. Paul's Cathedral. The Archbishop of Canterbury will be assisted in the ceremony by the Bishops of London and Victoria.

With the object of making himself better acquainted with the wants of the diocese, the Bishop of London has postponed the usual Diocesan Conference.

The Bishop of London will occupy the pulpit at the special evening service in the nave of Westminster Abbey, next Sunday (to-morrow), the occasion being the annual sermon in connection with the National Temperance League, of which society he is president.

Princess Christian opened the bazaar at the Townhall, Kensington, in aid of St. Matthew's Bayswater Church Completion Fund, on Tuesday.

The Bishop of London will consecrate the new Church of All Saints', Tuffnell Park, next Saturday, May 9, at three p.m. The church has been built at a cost of upwards of £5000, and will seat 720. There is a debt of £500 remaining on the building fund.

The anniversary festival of the Friends of the Clergy Corporation was held at Willis's Rooms on Wednesday—the Duke of Northumberland, president of the society, in the chair.

An effective specimen of Munich stained glass by Messrs. Mayer and Co. has been placed in Twiggworth parish church, Gloucestershire, representing our Lord preaching on the Mount. The window consists of three lights, and the subject occupies the whole space.

A silver-gilt communion service, with furniture for the communion-table appropriate to the different festivals of the Church, was presented last Saturday to the Bishop of Lincoln by the past students of the Theological College of Cuddesdon, of which he was formerly Principal.

At a largely-attended meeting of the Chapter and Restoration Committee of Peterborough Cathedral Tower, it was resolved—"That the opinion of the Archbishop upon the two plans submitted to him be accepted, without reference of that question to the executive committee, and therefore that the present contract for rebuilding the central tower be proceeded with at once."

Both Houses of Canterbury Convocation reassembled on Tuesday. In the Upper House, the Archbishop of Canterbury announced that the Revised Version of the Bible will not be published till the 19th inst.; but two copies were presented to Convocation on Wednesday.

Sir Tatton Sykes, Bart., has given a handsome cross, 16 ft. high, which has been erected in the churchyard at Kirby Grindalthe, East Yorkshire.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, April 29.

This week opened with an important rise in Consols and most other securities dependent upon the course of foreign affairs, but Monday had not closed when fresh telegrams of a disturbing character were published. It was said that a fresh conflict had arisen on the Afghan frontier, and it was at once concluded that there was renewed danger of war being thus precipitated. The relapse in prices was nearly equal to the advance which had taken place in the early part of the day. The effect of these violent fluctuations on the first day of the settlement was important, and rumours of probable failures were generally current. Meanwhile, money is accumulating in London. This is the natural result of the distrust which prevails amongst the investing and commercial classes. Fear of war causes both to avoid new ventures, and hence the return of British capital. But the Bank of England can scarcely reduce the rate further until peace is secured. On Saturday it was nearly impossible to lend money from day to day at any price. There is, however, not equal depression in the bill market, though 2½ is the best rate that can be quoted for bills of three months.

The Local Government Board have made a return to Parliament as to the metropolitan water companies, which should have the careful consideration of all concerned in the great monopolies which oppress the householder in London. This return shows that while in the past ten years the houses supplied have increased by no less than 32½ per cent, such additional custom to the companies has not led to a reduced charge to the customer, but has been accompanied by a very large increase, the growth in water rents in that time being as much as 58½ per cent. It would be some answer to this if householders could be shown to be now using more water; but of the eight companies, six are now supplying less water to each house than they did before this increase of charge per house. Another form of answer would be that the cost of supplying water had increased; but the evidence is of another sort, as the profits to the companies have so greatly increased that the dividends paid to holders of water stocks have risen from 25 to 50 per cent, and at the same time very large amounts of stock have been allotted at considerably under the market price. It seems, therefore, a reasonable conclusion that the consumers have not been allowed to in any way participate in the advantages which have of late years accrued to the water companies, while it is obvious that such a monopoly can only be tolerable as long as it is equitably administered.

As reference has been made here to the Grand Trunk dividend statement having been unaccompanied by the material qualification that as much as £66,000 had been taken from net revenue to meet renewal charges of the half-year, it is just to say that at the meeting of stockholders on Monday the president explained that the board did not themselves know of the deduction until the receipt of the postal particulars, about twelve days after the dividend had been announced. They regretted the omission of the information by their manager, and had instructed him to in future include such points in his dividend telegram. In the opinion of the Board the main cause of the present unfortunate position of the company is the disorder prevailing in the posting arrangements with the several American allies, and the president is about to proceed to Canada and the States at once, to see what he can do towards restoring these posts to satisfactory bases.

According to a telegram from Ottawa, the Canadian Pacific Railway is to be completed by Aug. 25 next. It is presumed that this information is given in reply to inquiries in view of possible difficulties in regard to Afghanistan and the Suez Canal. But to Canada the present Indian and half-breed revolt makes it scarcely less important that the projected branch lines should be proceeded with.

An active correspondence has been carried on recently in connection with the proposed formation of a company to buy land in large quantities with the object of re-selling it in small plots of between one to thirty or forty acres, on a system of deferred payments, extending over a term of years. The scheme has received definite shape, and a meeting has been held for the purpose of taking preliminary steps in the matter.

Like its partners in the Atlantic cable business, the Direct United States Cable Company is to pay a reduced dividend—3s. per share as against 5s.

The shareholders of the General Credit and United Discount Companies have agreed to the proposed plan of amalgamation.

T. S.

The Hammersmith Suspension Bridge has been closed, and the wooden temporary bridge constructed on the west side of it is open for traffic.

A Treasury warrant contains provisions for the conveyance by post of parcels between the United Kingdom and British India. The warrant comes into operation on July 1.

Admiral Sir A. Cooper-Key, has received at the Admiralty a deputation of East Coast fishermen, who, through Mr. E. Birkbeck, M.P., complained of the mischief done to their nets and gear by Belgian fishermen. Assurance was given that the Admiralty would give the matter its very serious consideration.

At length the mystery surrounding the fate of the Rev. Merton Smith, Vicar of Plympton, has been cleared up, his body having been found in the Pyrenees, where he disappeared nearly two years ago. He was touring in the Pyrenees with a friend, and left his hotel for a morning walk. He was not seen afterwards, and a most anxious search, stimulated by the offer of a reward of £500, failed to recover any trace of him.

A proposal to amalgamate the London Society for Teaching and Training the Blind in Industrial Occupations at St. John's-wood with the Royal Normal College of Music for the Blind at Norwood has been before Vice-Chancellor Bacon, who decided that neither the necessity for an amalgamation nor the expediency has been shown to exist. The Court had not the power to sanction the alteration, and if it had, his Lordship said he would not do it.

Mr. William Alfred Gibbs has published a "Knapsack Edition" of his stirring poem entitled "The Battle of the Standard," and in a preface to it refers in suitable terms to the enormous importance of the Volunteer movement as our second grand line of defence, and indignantly complains that such a splendid force should not be provided with the proper equipments for taking the field. The book is published in a neat form by Messrs. Rydal and Co., of Paternoster-row.

Lord Brabazon opened the disused burial-ground of St. Mary's, Paddington-green, as a public ornamental garden last week. The ground is nearly three and a half acres in extent; the cost of conversion has been about £2000, and the work has been carried out at the instance of the Paddington Vestry, which bears one half, and the Metropolitan Board of Works the other half of the expense.—The Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, which has a fund in hand for giving work to the unemployed labourers of the metropolis, is at present converting into public gardens five squares and one burial-ground, all situated in the poorest districts, and on these works seventy "unemployed" workmen are engaged.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, April 28.

Three Senatorial elections which took place on Sunday attracted much attention in the political world on account of the great hopes of success which the reactionaries had formed on the strength of a few recent victories in the elections of Counsellors-General. Once more the reactionaries will have to adjourn their hopes, for in the elections of Sunday they were utterly defeated. In the Gironde, a Republican, M. Caduc, was elected by 774 votes against 476 obtained by the Duc Decazes; in the Deux-Sèvres, M. Bergeon, Republican, obtained a majority of 66 votes over the Bonapartist candidate; in the Basses-Pyrénées, M. Plantié, Republican, scored 579 votes against 431 obtained by General Bourbaki. In all three cases the reactionary candidates were chosen men, either having great notoriety or great influence in the department. Furthermore, in all three elections the different parties hostile to the Republic united together: in the Gironde, the Bonapartists voted for the Duc Decazes; and in the Basses-Pyrénées, the Royalists voted for General Bourbaki.

M. Ferdinand De Lesseps, the great piercer of isthmuses, was received at the French Academy last Thursday. His short speech was not remarkable, but the reply of M. Renan was one of those literary treats of which Paris seems to have the privilege. M. Renan's speech was patriotic, political, philosophical, and, above all, literary. The orator regretted that the French system of a Mussulman dynasty in Egypt had not been carried out. Such a dynasty, Mussulman in appearance, but really without fanaticism, and ready to recognise the superiority of the West, would have given civilisation command of all the Eastern Soudan, and have prevented those dangerous cyclones which Central Africa will produce periodically since it has imprudently been allowed to become Mussulman. The French system would have allowed the careful surveillance of the mosque of El-Hazar, the centre of Mussulman propagandism in Africa. "Isolated and given up to fetishism," said M. Renan, "the Soudanian races do not amount to much; but converted to Islam they become centres of intense fanaticism. For want of foresight, Europe has allowed the formation west of the Nile of an Arabia far more dangerous than the real Arabia." There are a dozen passages to quote out of this speech; but, for want of space, we must content ourselves with a few lines about that great battlefield of the future, the Suez Canal, for which M. De Lesseps is responsible. "What can we do," said M. Renan, "but inclose the lists where the blind masses come into collision? What can we do but favour in their effort towards existence all these obscure things which groan, weep, and suffer before they come into being? No deception shall stop us; we will be incorrigible. The King of Abyssinia said of you: 'Lesseps, who is of the tribe of light. . . . We are all of that tribe. It is a rule in the army always to march towards the cannon, on whichever side it may be heard. For us it is a law to march towards the light, though often we do not know whither it is leading us.'"

Although we are on the eve of the opening of the vast annual exhibition of the Salon, new picture shows still continue to invite attention. The latest is that of paintings, water-colours, and drawings by the great German artist, Adolf Menzel, just opened in the Rue des Tuileries. As a painter, Menzel was almost unknown in France, and as an illustrator, he was only known to a few artists and amateurs by his grand work on Frederick the Great, certainly one of the most marvellous resuscitations of an epoch ever made. To judge from this present exhibition and from the impression made on the artists and on the public, Menzel's oil painting will not stand comparison with French work; but some of his water colours are marvels, and his drawings and illustrations entitle him to rank even above the great French national painter, the much-lauded Meissonier. Without exaggeration, Menzel is one of the most wonderful draughtsmen of ancient or modern times.

M. Léon Henzey, Curator of Antiques at the Louvre, has been elected free member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts to succeed M. Du Sommerard. Baron Alphonse De Rothschild, whose candidature created so much excitement and controversy, came out second, there being in all five candidates.

A posthumous opera in three acts, by Victor Massé, was produced with great success at the Opéra Comique on Saturday. The libretto is taken from a beautiful story by Théophile Gautier, called "Une Nuit de Cléopâtre," and the subject furnishes a pretext for sumptuous scenery and dresses and a reconstitution of Egyptian civilisation, which will enable the Opéra Comique to vie with the two Parisian theatres where people are marvelling at the reconstitution of Rome and Byzantium in "Messalina" and "Théodora." The music of "Une Nuit de Cléopâtre" is charming and full of melody. The leading rôles are played by Madame Marie Heilbron and M. Talazac.

Regnier, the eminent actor of the Comédie Française, died yesterday, at the age of seventy-eight. Regnier made his début at the Comédie Française in 1831. He had been professor at the Conservatoire since 1854, and almost all the French actors or actresses of the day have profited either by his private or his public lessons.

T. C.

The Princess Hilda of Nassau was on Sunday evening betrothed to the Hereditary Grand Duke Frederick William of Baden, grandson of the German Emperor. The betrothal took place privately at the palace of the Prince of Nassau in Vienna. The bridegroom, who is twenty-eight, is major à la suite in the 1st Regiment of Footguards, and the bride is the daughter of a former Duke of Nassau.

The Lower House of the Hungarian Diet, after several days' debate, has passed, by 219 against 133 votes, the bill for the reform of the Upper House in the terms agreed upon by that assembly.

On Tuesday the Belgian Chamber of Representatives unanimously adopted the bill authorising King Leopold II. to accept the title of Sovereign of the Congo Free State.

M. Tricoupsis, the Greek Premier, has tendered his resignation.

There has been an avalanche in the eastern part of Iceland, destroying fifteen houses and killing twenty-four persons.

Mr. Phelps, the newly-appointed United States Minister to England, will, it is expected, sail for Europe in the Elbe on the 6th inst.

According to Reuter despatches from Ottawa, the massacre at Frog Lake is confirmed, the Indians having shot ten helpless whites and beaten two priests to death. At Fort Pitt the police drove back the Indians, killing and wounding several of them, after which they went down river to Battleford in a scow. The rails will be completely laid and the Canadian Pacific Railway be available for through traffic on Aug. 25 next. Uninterrupted railway communication will then exist between Halifax, Nova Scotia, and the Pacific coast entirely through British territory.

News has been received from Java that the largest and most active of the volcanoes in that island is in eruption.

OBITUARY.

SIR WILLIAM LEESON.

Sir William Edward Leeson, Genealogist of the Order of St. Patrick, died on the 21st ult., at Caen, Normandy, in his eighty-fifth year. He was the youngest son of the Hon. Robert Leeson, by Grace, his wife, daughter of Mr. Michael Head, and was grandson of Joseph, first Earl of Milltown. After holding for some time a commission in the Army, he was appointed, in 1835, Chamberlain to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. From 1838 to 1841 he was Usher of the Black Rod, and from 1841 to the hour of his death held the sinecure office of Genealogist to the Order of St. Patrick, an office now abolished. In 1838 he received the honour of knighthood. Sir William married, first, 1826, Louisa Araminta, daughter of Colonel T. B. Daly Sewell; and secondly, 1853, Julia, daughter of Captain Edwin Richards, R.N., of Rivington House, county Cavan. By the former (who died in 1851) he had three sons and three daughters, and by the latter (who died 1879) two sons and one daughter.

GENERAL MACAN.

General Henry Macan, C.B., whose death, in his eighty-first year, is just announced, entered the Bombay Army in 1821, and attained the rank of General in 1877. He served with distinction in India, was on the staff in the Scinde and Afghan campaign 1840-1, and commanded a brigade during the Indian Mutiny. For his services at the assault and capture of Kotah, he was awarded a medal and made a C.B.

SURGEON-GENERAL INNES.

Surgeon-General Francis William Innes, M.D., C.B., died at 2, Lyndhurst-road, Hampstead, on the 23rd inst. He was born in 1812, the son of the Rev. George Innes, of Cullen, N.B., and educated at the University of Edinburgh, where he took the degree of M.D. in 1836. In the following year he entered the medical department of the Army, and in 1871 became Surgeon-General. During the Indian Mutiny his services were acknowledged by the thanks of the Governor-General and by a medal with two clasps. The decoration of C.B. was conferred on him in 1860. Dr. Innes married a daughter of Mr. John Barclay, of Calcut, Elgin.

MR. H. HALFORD VAUGHAN.

Mr. Henry Halford Vaughan, formerly Fellow of Oriel College, and subsequently Professor of Modern History at Oxford, died on the 19th ult., at Upton Castle, Pembroke-shire. After receiving his education under Dr. Arnold at Rugby, where his name headed the long list of exhibitioners in the palmiest days of that great school, he graduated first class at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1833. He retired, however, at an early period from the profession of the law, and disappointed the hopes of a brilliant career. He was younger son of the Right Hon. Sir John Vaughan, D.C.L., a Judge of the Common Pleas, by Augusta, his wife, second daughter of Henry Lord St. John, and was nephew of Sir Henry (Vaughan) Halford, Bart., the famous physician.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Thomas Neville Ussher, formerly H.M. Chargé-d'Affaires and Consul-General at Hayti, on the 18th ult., at Guernsey. He was eldest son of Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Ussher.

Mr. Alfred Kingston, Assistant Keeper of the Public Records, distinguished in literary and antiquarian circles, and Honorary Secretary of the Camden Society, on the 23rd inst.

Mr. Robert Anderson, A.R.S.A., well known as an engraver, and subsequently as a water-colour artist, on the 24th ult., aged forty-three.

Lady Selina Dent, daughter of the eleventh Earl of Huntingdon, and widow of Rear-Admiral Charles Dent, on the 22nd ult., in her seventy-eighth year.

Mr. Alan Bagot, F.S.A., the inventor of several apparatus for saving life and preventing accidents in mines, as well as the author of some scientific works, aged twenty-eight.

The Hon. Mrs. Hamilton (Margaret Frances Florence), second daughter of Henry Augustus, thirteenth Viscount Dillon, and widow of Mr. William John Hamilton, M.P., on the 19th ult., at Florence.

Mr. J. D'Aguiar Samuda, the well-known shipbuilder, aged seventy-two. Mr. Samuda, who was born in 1813, represented Tavistock from 1865 to 1863, and sat for the Tower Hamlets from 1868 till the dissolution of the last Parliament.

Miss Mary Barbara Hales, of Hales Place, Canterbury, a lady well-known in Roman Catholic circles, on the 18th ult., aged forty-nine, at Sarre Court, near Ramsgate. She was daughter of Sir Edward Hales, Bart., and inherited the Hales Place estate at the death of her father.

Sarah Philadelphia, Dowager Lady Worsley, widow of Sir William Worsley, Bart., of Hovingham, mother of the present Baronet, and fourth daughter of Sir George Cayley, sixth Baronet, of Brompton, Yorkshire, on the 23rd ult., at Scarborough, aged eighty-two.

Mr. William Pinhorn, Paymaster-in-Chief, R.N., in his sixty-seventh year. He was Paymaster of her Majesty's ship *Modeste* during all the operations in China in 1841-2, and served in the Crimean Campaign, receiving the Crimean and Turkish medals, and the Fifth Class of the Order of the Medjidieh.

The Company of Drapers have given fifty guineas, and the Company of Merchant Taylors five guineas, to the funds of the Homes for Working Boys in London.

Alfred Terry, a youth of seventeen years, has been sentenced, at the Central Criminal Court, to twelve months' hard labour for sending threatening letters to Mr. Gladstone with the object of extorting money.

The Duke of Cambridge on Tuesday presented commissions in the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers to the successful students of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. The Duke afterwards expressed the pleasure he had felt on receiving such excellent reports of the conduct of the students.

Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., presiding at a meeting of the Society of Arts on Tuesday night, at which a paper on the Federation of the Empire was read by Mr. Gorst, M.P., called attention to the extraordinary progress which the movement for Imperial Federation had recently made.

Her Majesty's steel armour-plated ship *Howe*, ten guns, 7500-horse power, was successfully launched from Pembroke Dockyard on Tuesday afternoon. The christening and launching ceremony was performed by Miss Keith Stewart, niece of Sir W. Houston Stewart, late Controller of the Admiralty.

In London last week 2541 births and 1743 deaths were registered; the former having been 216, and the latter 33, below the average numbers in the corresponding week of the last ten years. There were 39 deaths from smallpox, 103 from measles, 40 from scarlet fever, 10 from diphtheria, 57 from whooping-cough, and 21 from dysentery. Different forms of violence caused 62 deaths; 54 being the result of negligence or accident, among which were 28 from fractures and contusions, 5 from burns and scalds, 2 from drowning, 3 from poison, and 13 of infants from suffocation.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: THE PROCESSION PASSING ALONG CASTLE-PLACE, BELFAST.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO BELFAST.

An account of the sojourn of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their son, Prince Albert Edward of Wales, at Killarney, and of their rambles, with Earl and Countess Spencer and other friends, among the beautiful scenes of lake and mountain in that romantic neighbourhood, will be found on another page. Their return to Dublin, on Monday, the 20th, is also mentioned, with the incidents of two following days, when their intended amusement at the Punchestown races, famous among sporting men for the exhibition of Irish leaping horses, was sadly marred by the persistent rain. Their Royal Highnesses left Dublin on Thursday; but, instead of going by sea to Belfast, as had been proposed, they travelled

by railway, arriving at three o'clock. They were received by the Mayor and aldermen and town councillors of the city. The station was prettily ornamented, and a large concourse of people was assembled. Hearty cheers greeted the Prince and Princess as their train entered. A guard of the 2nd Royal Fusiliers presented arms, and the band played the National Anthem and "God Bless the Prince of Wales." Several of the Corporation having been introduced to the Prince and Princess, their Royal Highnesses were conducted to their carriage. A number of persons rushed forward and surrounded the carriage and held out their hands. The Prince and Princess at once acknowledged the kindly intention by shaking hands with some of them. The Royal party drove to the Ulster Hall, escorted by the Royal Irish Fusiliers, receiving

a welcome which for cordiality and enthusiasm has never been surpassed. The streets of Belfast presented a spectacle of extraordinary animation and festive gaiety. The lavishness of the decorations may be estimated from the fact that, leaving the public institutions out of account, the inhabitants of Belfast had spent over £50,000 in the display at shops and private houses. The Royal party passed under three triumphal arches on their way to the Ulster Hall; all these bore inscriptions of welcome and affection variously expressed. From the railway station to the Ulster Hall the entire route was decorated with Venetian masts, exhibiting shields and trophies of flowers. Extending from mast to mast the whole way were ropes of evergreens interspersed with flowers, while every

(Continued on page 166.)

QUARTERLY MAGAZINES.

The articles in the *Church Quarterly Review* are all of a more or less professional character, even the one on Mrs. Oliphant's "Literary History of England." Some, however, have great merit, especially a learned disquisition on Greek liturgies. The obituary notices of Bishop Wordsworth and Edward Coleridge are interesting, and the review of Mr. Thorold Rogers's edition of Gascoigne's "Theological Dictionary" produces most curious illustrations of the state of things which preceded and prepared the Reformation.

The *Scottish Review* has thoughtful articles on our foreign policy and the politics of the Dominion of Canada; a curious account of a Stuart pretender in the eighteenth century claiming to be a grandson of Charles II.; and an essay on the well-worn subject of George Eliot, which achieves originality by the suggestion that Mrs. Cross, had she lived, would have excelled Mrs. Lewes. The best feature, however, is, as usual, the quarterly digest of foreign periodical literature, which is quite unique in this country and most valuable.

The *City Quarterly Magazine*, a new undertaking, promises

well. Besides a record of the condition of the leading securities—seemingly impartial, and, if so, calculated to be of much value to investors—it has some telling papers on subjects closely connected with finance—such as the political prospects of Mr. Goschen, the value of our colonial trade, and the abatement of legal expenses by enabling solicitors to act as barristers.

The popular poetry of Greece, or at least of that portion of Greece which is still under the Turkish yoke, has found an admirable interpreter in Miss Lucy M. J. Garnett—*Greek Folk-Songs from the Turkish Provinces of Greece: Literal and Metrical Translations*, by L. M. J. Garnett (Elliot Stock). To a perfect acquaintance with the uncouth and difficult dialect of the original, derived from a long residence in the country, the translator adds a happy literary instinct which has enabled her to seize upon the appropriate tone for dealing with the various classes of compositions comprehended in her volume, and a command of pure idiomatic English accurately reflecting the artless simplicity of the original. The pieces comprise ballads

of legendary folk-lore, both primitive and Christian; songs and stories of the affections; and historical ballads of the strife with the Ottoman. The latter, of course, are of comparatively recent date, and show that the genius of popular song has not yet departed from among the people. Miss Garnett's translation reflects every mood in turn with equal felicity, and skilfully combines literary form with perfect fidelity to the original. The long, and in many respects valuable, introduction by Mr. Stuart Glennie would, we think, have been more in place if the writer had confined himself to the illustration of the pieces which it professes to introduce, but with which the greater part of it has little apparent connection.

At the School Board for London on Thursday week the School Management Committee made it known that the trustees of the Mitchell's Charity had agreed to give eight scholarships of the annual value of £20, instead of six as formerly, and that six of these were to be for boys and two for girls. Six boys and two girls were presented to the Board, and congratulated by the chairman on having obtained these scholarships.

TO THE CORPULENT.

"It is a very singular thing that a disease of such significance as corpulency, entailing as it does so many inconveniences and vexations, to say nothing of the more serious consequent dangers, should have been allowed to work mischief in the world all these years almost unheeded; so strange, indeed, that one is almost forced to the opinion that corpulency must be a disease of recent times, which has only now assumed sufficient importance to be classed as a disease, and to receive the serious attention of scientific men.

"That corpulency is a disease, is very clear, and there is no reason why it should not be regarded in an equally serious light as consumption or any other disease. Yet it is made light of and ridiculed, and the unfortunate possessor of too much fat, instead of securing the sympathy of his fellow men and women, gets the credit of being a person of gross and intemperate habits, a glutton in fact. Thus, when we see a picture of a fat monk or squire, there is almost invariably present also a big venison pasty, a fat capon, and flagon of wine; so it is that, unconsciously, and, as it seems, unjustly, we always associate a big corpulent man with big feeding. In a work on the subject of corpulency, recently published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store-street, Bedford-square (formerly of Gower-street), London, whose treatment for the cure of corpulency has, as we have said, become so popular that "doing Russell" has become almost a household word, he clearly proves from his experiences in a vast number of cases brought under his notice, that stout persons are usually the most temperate. He also makes it very clear that corpulency is a disease, and a dangerous one too, and while insisting that it should be treated as such, strongly disapproves of the system of attempting to remove superfluous fat by a course of emaciating drugs; pointing out with truth that even where it is possible to get rid of a few pounds of fat by this dangerous means, the reduction is only temporary, and the fat returns more rapidly than it left, and one does not want to be taking physic for ever. In contrast to this doubtful method of procedure, Mr. Russell attacks the disease as it were at the fountain head. The medicine he prescribes does not lower, but builds up and tones the system; in short, Mr. Russell's aim is to eradicate, to cure the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. We have now before us many hundreds of communications from persons of all ranks of life, including among them many well-known noblemen, gentlemen, and professional men, all testifying in the most grateful terms as to great and lasting benefit derived from Mr. Russell's remedy. Want of space does

not permit us to quote largely from these letters, but we gather that in one severe case as much as eight pounds of superfluous fat has been got rid of in one week, the writer of the letter going on to say that he never felt in such health and spirits in his life. Three pounds, however, seems to be about the average reduction, depending apparently upon the severity of the case. Mr. Russell's remedy consists of a medicine which has the advantage of being agreeable to take, besides being entirely vegetable in its composition, and perfectly harmless; and from the letters referred to above we may sum up the chief points of Mr. Russell's remedy as follows:—

- "Firstly. It is beyond all doubt efficacious.
- "Secondly. It is perfectly harmless, on which point all seem to be unanimous. The expressions, 'admirable tonic,' 'splendid stuff,' &c., occurring frequently in the letters referred to.
- "Thirdly. It is agreeable to take—a great consideration, for not everybody can take nauseous medicines.
- "Fourthly. It does not necessitate semi-starvation.
- "Fifthly. The effects are permanent.
- "Sixthly. It is a most exhilarating and strengthening tonic.
- "Seventhly. It appears that it is particularly beneficial in cases where obesity is accompanied with gout and rheumatism. All this we gather from the unsolicited testimony of a vast number of respectable people, and it is evident that the British public has not been slow to avail itself of Mr. Russell's treatment; indeed, we may look to see in a few years a marked diminution in the number of corpulent persons in England, and then there seems no longer any necessity to carry about with us the incubus of corpulency when it may so easily be got rid of; and we advise those who have not done so, to send to Mr. Russell, Woburn House, Store-street, Bedford-square, London, for his interesting book, which, it seems, is to be had by forwarding 8 stamps, sufficient to cover cost of postage and printing. The book contains, among other useful information, the Recipe, showing the harmless nature of the drugs used.
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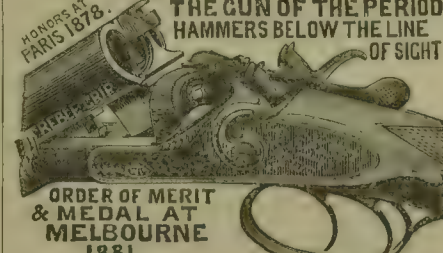
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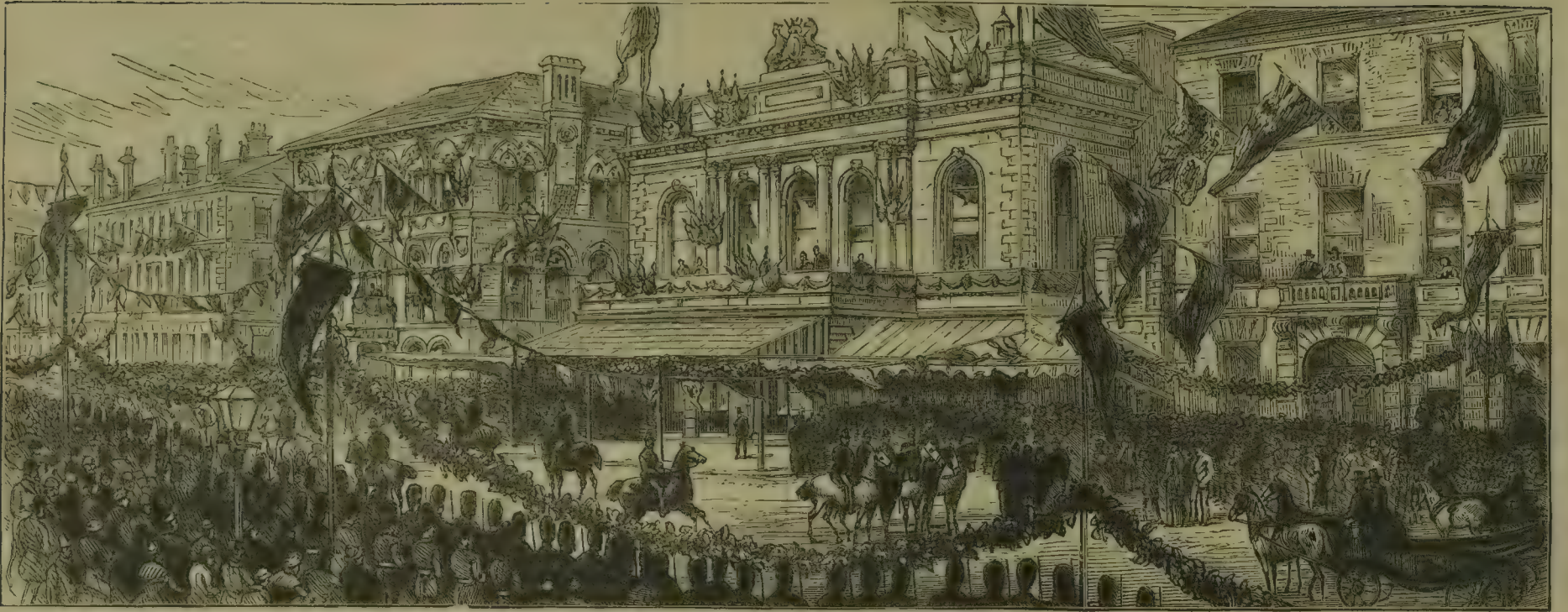
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THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.



STREET IN BELFAST, ULSTER HALL AND OTHER BUILDINGS.

house had its display of banners, and every window was crowded with eager spectators. At Royal-avenue, where several important streets meet and where there are many fine public buildings, the sight was especially imposing. Every house was gaily decked, draped in crimson and gold festoons, with laurel and ivy, and displaying bunting in infinite variety. The new Liberal Club vied in tasteful ornamentation with the Ulster Club. The work of decorating the city had been intrusted to the firm of Messrs. Defries and Son, of London. The weather was very fine; the day was observed as a general holiday, most of the shops being closed, and the people of Belfast came out in thousands to give the Prince and Princess a right Royal welcome.

The Prince and Princess arrived at the Ulster Hall, where numerous addresses were presented to them, the principal being from the Corporation of Belfast, the Presbytery of Belfast in connection with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, and the Ulster Medical Society. Their Royal Highnesses drove through the principal streets to the Osborne yacht, at Donegal Quay, which they reached about six o'clock. In the evening the town was brilliantly illuminated. One of the most conspicuous objects was the Albert Memorial, at the eastern end of Donegal-place. The display made by Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver, in High-

street, including the beautiful revolving crystal star from the Kremlin at Moscow, was much admired.

The Royal party remained on board the Osborne during the night, the yacht being off Carrickfergus. On Friday morning they embarked on board the steamer Manx Queen for conveyance to Belfast. The landing-place was at Donegal Quay, where they were received by the Chairman of the Harbour Commissioners, Mr. E. J. Harland, with the Mayor and Corporation; and an address of welcome was presented. The Royal party visited York-street Mills, the flax-spinning establishment of Mr. Mulholland, M.P., and the mill of Messrs. Richardson, Sons, and Owden, linen manufactory, in Donegal-square. They went to the Townhall, where they were entertained by the Mayor at luncheon. The printing and engraving establishments of Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. were next visited. A drive of a few minutes brought the Royal party to Queen's College, where the students and the Professors and Doctors were assembled in the great hall. The President of the College, Dr. Porter, read an address welcoming the Princes and Princess. The next place visited was the Presbyterian Assembly's College of Belfast, where the Royal party was received by the Rev. Dr. Killen, President, the Vice-Presidents, and several members of the Faculty. An address was presented by Dr. Killen, to

which the Prince replied. Leaving the Presbyterian College, the Royal party drove to the Queen's Island, crossing Queen's Bridge, and passing by the Southern Quays. It was intended that they should have visited the extensive ship-building works of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, at Queen's Island, but there was no time for this; a rapid run was therefore taken to the site of the proposed Alexandra Graving Dock, lower down the river, where the Princess of Wales, in the presence of the members of the Harbour Board, cut the first turf of the works. This ceremony was quickly concluded, and the Royal party then embarked on the Royal yacht for dinner. At nightfall the city was again brilliantly illuminated. The grand ball, given by the Mayor to about eight hundred invited guests, to meet their Royal Highnesses, was held at the Ulster Hall.

On Saturday, the Royal party left Belfast, by railway, for Londonderry, where they were greeted with a cordial welcome; and proceeded to Newton Stewart, and to Baronscourt, the seat of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn. On Monday last, their Royal Highnesses bade farewell to Ireland, embarking at Larne in the Osborne yacht, which conveyed them to the Scottish coast. They landed in the evening at Stranraer, and travelled all night to London, arriving safely at home on Tuesday morning.



THE ROYAL PARTY ON THE LAKE AT KILLARNEY.



DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

"Don't you think," asked Lord St. Austell sweetly—"excuse my saying so; but don't you think that is a little bit prudish of you?"

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MILLE DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

INDISCRETION.

Despite the efforts of the Nihilists, Fenians, and other well-meaning individuals, who have rendered the latter part of the nineteenth century so exciting a period to live in, the science of blowing people up is still far from having attained exactitude. In laying mines or throwing glass balls filled with explosives, so many possibilities have to be taken into account, that it almost seems as if this method of improving society would in the end prove too disheartening to be persevered with. The Royal train passes in safety over the perilous spot, and it is only the Royal baggage, following half an hour later, that is converted into smithereens; the tyrant whom it is desired to "remove" passes along the street scatheless, while some offending citizen makes a premature ascent to the skies. And so Miss Susan Bowman, who had conceived a really ingenious plan for wrecking Mr. Vidal's happiness, and had worked it out with an attention to details which ought to have ensured success, arrived at no more satisfactory result than the destruction of such remnants of happiness as were left to Mr. Vidal's wife.

Clare never for a moment thought of making such a scene as Susan's sanguine fancy had anticipated. She knew that angry words would not mend matters; and even if she could have brought herself to confess that she had played the spy upon her husband, she would have shrunk from speaking of what she felt to be in some sort degrading to herself as well as to him. Her feeling was not so much one of indignation as of dull despair. She wanted to get away from Adrian: not to quarrel with him or to upbraid him, but simply to get away from him for a time. It vexed her not a little to discover that,

in spite of all that he had done, she loved him still. Why should she go on caring for a man who no longer cared for her? She could not tell why—she had always believed that she would hate him if he proved false to her; but now that the blow had fallen, she found that she did not hate him. Those whose hearts are broken can hardly suffer much from wounded pride. Clare's pride asserted itself no further than to make her resolve that her husband should never suspect the existence of the weakness which she could not overcome. "If I could only get away!" she repeated to herself over and over again. She dwelt upon this thought until what had at first been no more than a vague wish became a definite and imperative craving; and when Adrian, who had been dining out, came home that night, he found her, rather to his surprise, waiting for him in the drawing-room.

"Adrian," she said at once, "I want to go home for Christmas."

"To go home?" he echoed, in some consternation. "Well, really, I don't quite see how we could manage that."

"Not you; of course you could not leave London. But there is no reason why I should not go alone. They would be glad to have me at home; and I have not been feeling well lately."

"Are you really not feeling well, Clare?"

"I never feel quite well here," she answered, evasively; "I dare say I shall feel better in Cornwall. Have you any objection to my going?"

Adrian hesitated. "Won't they think it rather odd?" he suggested.

"I don't think so. There is nothing extraordinary in my requiring a change of air and in your being too busy to go out of town. You need not be afraid about that," she added,

with a rather bitter smile; "I am no more anxious than you are that they should know what terms we are on."

An interval of silence was broken by a deep sigh from Adrian. "Do you like being upon these terms, Clare?" he asked.

"I think they are the only terms possible for us," she replied coldly. "May I write to my mother, then?"

"Oh, by all means, if you wish it," answered Adrian, whose temper, as we know, had already been tried that day, and who was beginning to think that it would have been no bad thing if Adam had been allowed to keep all his ribs. "I shall not spend a very cheerful Christmas; but that, of course, is of no consequence. How long do you propose to make your visit?"

"I thought of a month; but I could come back sooner, if I was wanted for anything here." She added, after a moment, "I think the servants understand their work pretty well now; but I will speak to the cook before I go, and make arrangements, so that you shall not be troubled about ordering dinner."

"Oh, if you are going to be as much as a month away, I shall put the servants on board wages and take my meals at the club," answered Adrian.

Clare felt a twinge of compunction. If it had been in her power to inflict some sharp mental suffering upon her husband, she would not, perhaps, have stayed her hand; but the idea of driving him out of doors to seek his dinner was repugnant to her. "I am afraid that will be very inconvenient," she murmured; "it is such a long way to go."

"No; I shall not find it so. I can always dress there in the evenings, and I rather like a walk before breakfast. Besides, I am not particularly fond of eating in absolute solitude."

Adrian felt himself decidedly aggrieved; and this is always a consolatory sensation. He did not press his wife for reasons for her desertion of him, nor did she volunteer any. It was arranged that she should start for Cardrew in the second week of December, and the prospect of a speedy release enabled her to bear herself with tolerable composure during the interim.

The day fixed upon for her departure was drawing nigh, when she was made the recipient of an honour as unexpected as it was flattering. Lord St. Austell, who was at one time a great frequenter of ladies' drawing-rooms, has of late years ceased to seek relaxation in that particular field, and is now more often to be seen behind the plate-glass window of his club towards five o'clock in the afternoon than beside the tea-tables of his fair friends. Nevertheless, it was at that hour on a dim December day that his brougham stopped at the door of a certain modest mansion in Alexandra-gardens, and immediately afterwards he was shown into the presence of our astonished heroine, his eye-glass in his eye, a smart little bouquet in his button-hole, and his teeth agreeably conspicuous.

"And how is Mrs. Vidal?" inquired his Lordship, pleasantly, holding out a lavender-kid-d hand. It is hard for even the most juvenile of old gentlemen to keep quite abreast of the customs of the day, and Lord St. Austell has never been able to divorce himself from his lavender kid gloves.

"I have come," he continued, "to beg for a cup of tea." And thereupon he seated himself beside Clare's work-table, and contemplated her across it with that dreadful grinning smile of his, in which his eyes did not participate.

Upon the face of it, there is no reason at all why an elderly acquaintance should not drop in towards the close of the afternoon and ask for a cup of tea; but Clare would hardly have been more taken aback if the Czar of all the Russias had suddenly presented himself with the same modest request. She displayed a good deal of confusion, thereby delighting her visitor, who thought modesty a very becoming thing in a young woman.

"I did not know you were in London," she remarked, saying the first thing that came into her head.

"I only arrived from Paris yesterday," but Lady St. Austell has been here for some weeks. Of course, she has called upon you. No? I am quite ashamed—I blush for her. But she is so young and thoughtless that she often forgets her duties, I am sorry to say. She has not forgotten Mr. Vidal though; for I left him in Grosvenor-square half an hour ago. But perhaps I ought not to have mentioned that; perhaps he doesn't always tell you what house he is bound for when he goes out. I don't mind confessing that I didn't tell Lady St. Austell I was coming here."

"Do you take cream and sugar?" asked Clare, not much relishing this style of conversation.

"Anything that you are kind enough to give me, my dear Mrs. Vidal; senna would taste sweet, coming from your hand. I was saying that I had seen Mr. Vidal at my house. I left a positive mob there—my son, amongst the rest. I don't know whether you ever met my son."

Clare said she had not had that pleasure.

"Ah, well, you haven't missed much. Blaise is a very good fellow; but he is too good for poor sinners like me. He is many years older than I am, and he depresses me so with his solemn ways that I generally slip out of the house as soon as he enters it. He means to stay with us for another week, I am told. Perhaps you will allow me to take refuge with you sometimes during this period of affliction."

"I should be most happy," answered Clare, using that conventional phrase as insincerely as it has ever been uttered; "but I am going down to Cornwall the day after to-morrow."

Lord St. Austell fell back in his chair, with an exaggerated show of consternation. "Going down to Cornwall! Oh, Mrs. Vidal, how can you have the cruelty to deal such knock-down blows with a smiling face? Why go down to the gales and rains of Cornwall? Why not stay in London and console the humblest of your slaves? Do stay!" He bent insinuatingly over the table, and stretched out his hand to grasp that of his hostess, which, however, he missed, owing to its abrupt withdrawal.

Clare shrank back affrighted from those grinning jaws, those wicked old gleaming eyes. It must be admitted that Lord St. Austell's method of making love was somewhat wolfish; but he had met with so many a tender lambkin willing to jump down his throat, that he had not unnaturally learnt to make advances more bold than wary. Nevertheless, he knew better than to follow up one false step by another; so, pushing back his chair, he fell to discoursing about Paris and the last new play at the Comédie Française in a pleasant, fatherly sort of way, until she became reassured, and began to think that perhaps he was not such a bad old man, after all. Having created this favourable impression, he proceeded forthwith to obliterate it.

"I suppose," said he, "that when you are in Paris you spend a good deal of your time in flattening your nose against the jewellers' windows. All ladies do. So do I, sometimes. I saw this," he continued, opening a small velvet case, which he took from his breast-pocket, "in the Rue de la Paix, and it rather took my fancy."

Clare examined the diamond pendant handed over to her for inspection. "It is lovely," she said.

"So glad it pleases you; because I was thinking of you when I bought it. Will you accept it, dear Mrs. Vidal?"

"Oh, no, thank you!" exclaimed Clare, dropping the case and drawing back. "I never accept presents of jewellery."

"Don't you think," asked Lord St. Austell sweetly—"excuse my saying so; but don't you think that is a little bit prudish of you?"

"Prudishness has nothing to do with it," replied Clare, the colour mounting into her cheeks; "I don't care to receive presents from strangers, that is all."

"But I," observed Lord St. Austell, imperturbably, "am not a stranger. Added to which, I really think that, taking everything into consideration, I may claim certain privileges."

"Do you mean on account of your advanced age?" asked Clare, who understood his insinuation, and was made so angry by it that all her timidity left her. "No doubt that is quite sufficient to absolve me of any prudishness if I refuse to take a valuable present from you; still, I would rather not have it, thank you."

Lord St. Austell thought that a little display of temper made pretty Mrs. Vidal look prettier than ever. It was without any acerbity that he replied: "I was not alluding to my age; only to the fact that I am my wife's husband, while you are your husband's wife. It seems to me that, as we are both so accommodating, we are entitled to treat ourselves to little equivalents every now and then. At the same time, I should be very sorry to force my poor trinket upon you against your will. Let us talk about something else."

But Clare did not want to talk about anything else. Her only wish was to get rid of this odious old satyr as soon as possible, and she made that wish so plain that he was presently compelled to take his leave. He squeezed her hand affectionately at parting, and said: "As you are going away, Mrs. Vidal, I shall go too. There will be nothing to stay in London for now; but we shall meet again before the spring,

I trust, and in the meantime I shall be always thinking about you."

To this speech Clare listened in chilling silence; but when her venerable persecutor had left her, she sat down and began to cry softly. This, then, was the sort of life that she was destined to lead henceforth; and it was to insults such as these that women of the world were expected to submit without taking offence; and it was in the society of such people as the St. Austells that Adrian delighted!

Had she been able to read the thoughts that were passing through Adrian's mind at that same moment, she would have discovered that he did not always find Lady St. Austell's society delightful. On entering her drawing-room that afternoon, he had found a large assemblage of visitors already seated there, and before them all she had smiled upon him, languished at him, and whispered to him, in a way that caused them to exchange significant glances, and made him very uncomfortable. He did not want to be thus distinguished; he did not want people to say—as he knew they would say—that he was the latest of this capricious lady's admirers; and he did his best to check her advances. In this attempt he failed completely. Lady St. Austell had three good reasons for conducting herself as she was doing. Firstly, flirtation was as the breath of her nostrils to her; secondly, she wished to get rid of her visitors, who bored her; thirdly, and lastly, it gave her much pleasure to shock her step-son, Lord Blaise, whom she could not endure, and who was now standing upon the hearthrug, looking down upon her with astonishment and disgust. So she continued to whisper soft nothings to Adrian, and the visitors departed, one by one, and Lord Blaise looked more and more displeased every minute.

There was a saying to the effect that the Earls of St. Austell were alternately rips and prigs, and that a black-haired Earl was invariably succeeded by a red-headed one. Perhaps each heir-apparent, on surveying himself in the glass, may have felt that it was hopeless to struggle against his manifest destiny, and so may have helped to perpetuate the tradition. The father of the present holder of the title had been an eminently respectable old person who had lived well within his income, and had collected butterflies; his son, who was now something more than middle-aged, and whose carrotty locks were streaked with grey, had once been described by the leader of his party as the most conscientious and the dullest man in England. When Lord Blaise rose in the House of Commons there was a general stampede. No one had ever been found who could listen to him for five minutes without falling into profound slumber, and the newspapers never thought of reporting him at length. This did not prevent him from plodding on with his carefully-prepared speeches from the exordium to the bitter end; nor had it kept him out of office. He had been Under-Secretary for various departments, and had distinguished himself by the patience with which he submitted to be questioned, and by the extraordinary prolixity of his replies. His party was at present in opposition; and this was a source of grief to him, for he loved the labour of going into details, and it was not always easy to obtain a hearing when, after much research, he had discovered some inaccuracy in the statements of his successor. In private life he had not a great many friends, although he was just, benevolent, and perfectly straightforward in all his words and ways. It is permissible to a man to be straightforward, if only he will be so in a pleasant manner; but poor Lord Blaise's manner was not pleasant, and this made his straightforwardness unwelcome to most people.

His step-mother, who had had to listen to more than one remonstrance from his lips, and had found it equally impossible to conciliate and to break with him, derived some satisfaction from outraging his notions of propriety, and if she could have induced Adrian to respond a little more warmly now to the encouragement vouchsafed to him, she would not have felt that her afternoon had been wholly barren of amusement. When the last of her guests had gone away, she seated herself on an ottoman beside the young author and said,

"Now we can talk in peace. You need not mind Lord Blaise; he is mounting guard over us in the interests of morality, and cart-ropes would not drag him out of the room."

Lord Blaise cleared his voice, thrust his hands into his pockets and leant back against the mantelpiece. It always took him some little time to think of a reply, and Lady St. Austell went on, without waiting for him, "He may safely be treated as a nonentity. The only language that he speaks is the language of Hansard and Bluebooks, and he won't understand more than a word here and there of what we say."

"We have no secrets to talk about, that I am aware of," remarked Adrian.

"How cautious you are! It really is rather hard that one can never count upon ten undisturbed minutes in one's own house. The end of it will be that I shall have to go to yours. Will you admit me, if I knock at your door?"

"Of course we should be delighted, Lady St. Austell," answered Adrian; "but unluckily my wife is going down to the country the day after to-morrow."

"You don't say so! Then the day after to-morrow you may expect to see me. She will leave in the morning, I suppose?"

"Julia," broke in Lord Blaise, in a harsh voice, "when do you leave town?"

"Really I don't know; I haven't made up my mind yet. If it didn't sound inhospitable, I would ask when *you* mean to go?"

"Your movements," replied Lord Blaise, "need not be in any way affected by mine. I require nothing more than a bed-room, and I can easily remain on here after you move, if necessary. As a matter of fact, I believe that I shall finish the business that I have to attend to in about three days' time."

"In that case you may count upon being cheered by my company throughout your stay. But to return to what I was saying," she added, addressing Adrian; "I really should enjoy above all things paying you a visit. May I?"

"Oh, certainly," said Adrian, with a somewhat ungracious air.

"Very well; that is settled. The day after to-morrow, then, about three o'clock in the afternoon. I shall come early, so as to have a good long time, and I shall explore the recesses of your study, and sit in the historical chair in which you meditate upon your writings. Perhaps I may write a few words, as a memento of my visit, with the historical pen. What fun it will be!"

Lord Blaise frowned heavily at Vidal; but as the latter did not speak, he felt bound to utter a protest. "Are you aware, Julia," he asked, "that in acting as you propose you will risk nothing less than the loss of your character?"

"Exactly so," agreed Lady St. Austell; "that is the amusing part of it. I have long wished to do something innocent and at the same time truly shocking; and this is an opportunity which may not recur. There will be very little risk about my visit to Mr. Vidal's house; because only three people will know of it, and they will all hold their tongues upon

the subject, I think. I shall not tell for obvious reasons; Mr. Vidal will not tell, because he is a gentleman. About you I am not quite so sure; but after all, it is only fair to you to say that you are not an absolute idiot."

"In view of the very serious nature of the case," said Lord Blaise, not at all mollified by this passing tribute to his intellectual powers, "I must claim the right of exercising my own judgment as to the line of action which it may be advisable for me to adopt." And with that he marched out of the room.

Lady St. Austell burst into a fit of laughter. "Now, would you," she asked—"would you have believed it possible that Lord St. Austell could have such a son as that?"

"I certainly think you were paying him rather too high a compliment when you said that he was not an idiot," replied Adrian, who was a good deal put out. "I should have thought anyone with a grain of intelligence would have understood that you were not serious in proposing to go to my house."

"What!—not serious? Indeed I never was more serious in my life. If anything in this world is certain, it is certain that I shall be in Alexandra-gardens the day after to-morrow as the clock strikes three."

"Really, I think you had better not."

"How disagreeable you are!" cried Lady St. Austell, petulantly. "You never do anything that I want you to do! Why should you grudge me a little harmless amusement? It can't hurt *you*, whatever happens."

Adrian was not quite so sure of that; but he only said, "It was of you that I was thinking."

"Then pray don't disturb yourself on my account any longer. If I choose to be imprudent for once in a way, that is my affair. One thing I can promise you: if you won't allow me into your house, you shall not be allowed into mine again."

A more alarming form of menace might have been discovered; but such as it was, it served its purpose. Adrian yielded, and presently took his leave, inwardly resolving to give Lady St. Austell no second pretext for compromising herself and him.

Late that night, as Lord St. Austell was sitting in the smoking-room of his club, he was surprised to see his son approaching him with the aspect of one who has a purpose in hand.

"Hullo, Blaise!" said he, "what are you doing abroad at this hour? I thought your nurse always put you to bed and tucked you up at ten sharp, during the Recess."

"I want to say a word or two to you about Julia," began Lord Blaise, disregarding this facetious greeting. "She will get herself into serious trouble if she goes on as she is doing. I suppose you and she understand each other, and you apparently see no objection to a good deal that I should think highly undesirable in my wife; but you can hardly wish her to be the heroine of an open scandal, and?"

"Blaise," interrupted Lord St. Austell, fixing a steady stare upon his heir-apparent, "did you ever hear how it was that an ancestor of ours came very near having his head cut off, in the reign of James II.?"

"He was suspected of being implicated in Monmouth's rebellion. The evidence was of the flimsiest description, and I believe that nothing whatever was proved against him, beyond a few imprudent speeches."

"Just so. He made some imprudent speeches and meddled with what didn't concern him. I wouldn't follow his example, if I were you."

"Nobody can cut my head off," remarked Lord Blaise.

"No; but somebody can cut you out of the whole of the Hertfordshire estates, and of a very considerable amount of personal property. Believe me, you had better stick to politics, and leave social affairs to meaner intellects."

"I am sorry if my remarks offend you," said Lord Blaise; "but your displeasure will not prevent me from telling you that I heard Julia make an appointment, this afternoon, to visit a certain Mr. Vidal at his house the day after to-morrow, having previously ascertained that his wife would be absent from home on that day."

Lord St. Austell chuckled, and seemed much amused. "The déuce she did!" cried he. "This is great sport. My dear Blaise, you did well to impart this distressing news to me, and I will not disinherit you so long as you continue to be honest and virtuous. May I ask whether you heard any hour fixed for the appointment that you speak of?"

"Yes; she mentioned three o'clock."

"Thank you very much. Now I won't keep you out of bed any longer. I am sure that the family honour is safe in your keeping, and that you won't let anybody else into the secret which you have so properly confided to me. Good-night."

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST.

When Adrian had taken Clare's ticket for Polruth, had put her into the train, and had recommended her to the care of the guard, he walked away sadly enough. The day was damp, raw, and dismal, and he shuddered as he thought of the empty house whither he was returning—that empty house in which he was presently to have the honour of receiving Lady St. Austell. He shuddered a little at the thought of Lady St. Austell too, and then could not repress a smile at the irony of the situation. If Clare only knew who was going to spend the afternoon in her drawing-room! Happily, the Flying Dutchman would be hurrying her through Devonshire by that time, and it was in the last degree unlikely that she would ever hear of an escapade which it was to Lady Austell's interest to keep secret. But he ceased to smile when he remembered that equal reliance could hardly be placed upon the discretion of the servants. Doubtless the servants knew very well that there was a split between their master and mistress; doubtless also they were eager to arrive at its origin, and would draw their own conclusions from so significant a circumstance as the arrival of a lady at the house within a few hours of Mrs. Vidal's leaving it. After Adrian had reached home, he began to hope that this aspect of the case might have presented itself to Lady Austell as well as to himself, and that calmer reflection would induce her to abandon her rash purpose.

But this hope was doomed to disappointment. Punctually at three o'clock her carriage dashed up to the door, and directly afterwards she swept into the drawing-room with an air of triumph.

"You see, I have kept my word," she said.

"I feel very proud," answered Adrian. "I will ring and order some tea."

"Oh, not yet, thank you," laughed Lady St. Austell; "I have only just finished luncheon. Now confess the truth; you never believed that I should come, did you?"

"The proof that I did is that I am here," Adrian replied.

"I don't think I have ever been at home at this hour before."

"Well, at any rate, you hoped I shouldn't come, and at this moment you are wishing with all your heart that I hadn't. Strictly between ourselves, I may tell you that I had quite made up my mind this morning not to come; but when Blaise walked in to luncheon with a face as long as Cromwell-road and asked me what I was going to do in the afternoon, I couldn't resist the temptation of replying, 'I thought I told

you that I was going to see Mr. Vidal.' And so here I am. If you could manage to look a little less awkward and uncomfortable, it would set me more at my ease."

Adrian endeavoured to obey this injunction. It was some relief to him to find that Lady St. Austell was not in one of her sentimental moods. "What shall I do to amuse you?" he asked, cheerfully.

"I don't think I need call upon you to exert yourself yet; just at present the sensation of being here is sufficiently amusing in itself. So your wife has gone home, has she?"

"Yes. I don't know whether you care for Japanese china; but I have some Satsuma in the next room which my father-in-law got for me, and which is rather good, I believe. Would you like to see it?"

"Presently. I was going to ask you about your wife. Why has she gone off like this?"

"She wants to see her people."

"That is reassuring. I was afraid I might be the innocent cause of her flight."

"She does not even know that you are in London," said Adrian, with a touch of impatience.

"I wouldn't be so sure of that, if I were you. She knows more than you think for, perhaps: people's wives generally do. And I can tell you something about her that you don't know. She has made a conquest."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; indeed. And who, of all people in the world, should her admirer be but my husband! Isn't it funny? It is as if we four had sat down to a rubber of whist; only we are all rather bad players, because we can't find out what our partners have in their hands. I don't know when I have been more tickled than when I heard of Lord St. Austell's last infatuation. The second coachman told his valet, who told my maid, who told me, that he paid Mrs. Vidal a visit of over an hour the other day."

A more unwelcome piece of intelligence could hardly have been conveyed to Adrian, who now began to understand why Clare had avoided speaking to him or looking at him during the last two days. "This is very flattering," he remarked, grimly.

"Well, not so very; because Lord St. Austell is anything but particular, and I doubt whether he ever was what I should call really in love in his life. It is great fun, though."

"It does not appear so to me," said Adrian; "but possibly my appreciation of the ludicrous may be defective."

Lady St. Austell stared at him and laughed. "How glum you look!" she exclaimed. "Are you going to assume the part of a jealous husband? That would be perfect! It would then only remain for Lord St. Austell to honour me in the same way—he does so sometimes—and the whole business would become so delightfully involved that we should none of us know exactly what was the matter. What I should like, would be to see Lord St. Austell and Mrs. Vidal walk into the room now."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Adrian.

"Heaven is not likely to work miracles for our benefit; but supposing that it were possible for those two to appear suddenly, what a thrilling scene we should have! You must admit that it would be thrilling."

"I dare say it would," answered Adrian; "but I don't think I like being thrilled. Won't you come and look at my china, and leave the absent to look after themselves?"

Inwardly, he was wondering how much longer Lady St. Austell meant to stay. He had found it pleasant enough to visit her in Grosvenor-square, and to be sympathised with and petted by her; but it was quite another thing to have her sitting in his own drawing-room, suggesting horrible catastrophes, and affecting that recklessness of tone which is so extremely repulsive in a woman of whom you do not happen to be enamoured. He heartily wished that he had had the strength of mind to tell her plainly that he must decline to receive her during his wife's absence.

As, however, the mischief was done now, and could not be undone, he wisely resolved to make the best of things, and not to offend a lady who, good-natured though she was, did not readily pardon those who remained insensible to her charms.

(To be continued.)

WIMBLEDON MEETING.—THE QUEEN'S PRIZE CONTEST.

The preliminary prize-list for the forthcoming meeting of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon has been issued, and shows several alterations and additions, of which those in the Queen's prize contest are the most important. A sum of £292 is added to the Queen's prize-list, thus bringing the total amount to be fired for in this the most important shooting event of the year to the substantial total of £1960, divided into 360 prizes. It is in the conditions, however, that the change is most marked, as there are now to be three stages instead of two, as formerly; and the final struggle for the possession of the most coveted honours will consequently become more interesting than before. Under the new arrangement, the silver medal, silver badge, and £60 become the second prize in the contest; and the "sixty" will all receive prizes according to their places in the three stages together. The Queen's prize-list and conditions are as follows:—1st prize, her Majesty the Queen's Prize, £250, and the gold medal and badge; 2nd prize, the silver medal, badge, and £60; 3rd prize, the badge and £40; 4th prize, £30; 5th prize, £20. Then follow ten prizes of £15, thirty of £12, fifteen of £10, one hundred of £4, one hundred of £3, and one hundred of £2. Conditions—first stage: 200, 500, and 600 yards, seven shots at each. The first 300 in the first stage will be entitled to fire in the second stage, and the next sixty below the 300 will receive prizes of £2 each; second stage, 500 yards, ten shots, and 600 yards, fifteen shots. The places of the 300 competitors will be decided by their aggregate scores in the first and second stages. The first sixty will be entitled to fire in the third stage, and the remaining 240 will receive the 240 prizes next below the first sixty prizes in the prize-list; third stage to be fired in the order laid down for the second stage, distances 800 and 900 yards, fifteen shots at each distance. The places of the sixty competitors will be decided by their aggregate scores in the three stages.

Lieut.-Col. and ex-Sheriff Cowan has been chosen Alderman for Cordwainer Ward in the room of the late Lord Mayor.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain A. S. Crowley, master of the American schooner Sarah Eaton, of Calais (Maine), United States, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the British barque Kenilworth, of Liverpool, which was abandoned at sea on March 2 last.

A party of fifty-five children from the Rev. Dr. Stephenson's Homes at Bonner-road and Gravesend, left Euston Station last week for Canada. They were joined at Stafford by a few more children from the Cottage Homes at Birmingham. At Liverpool a further contingent of thirty awaited them from Dr. Stephenson's other homes at Edgworth, Lancashire, and Ramsay, Isle of Man. The emigration department of these homes has been in active operation since 1872, having its own dépôt and agency at Hamilton, Ontario.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G A A W (North Shields).—If the first move of a proposed solution is wrong we do not look further, more especially if the proposed move is possible in the problem numbered.

W Banger asks for the address of the nearest chess club to St. John's-wood. There is the Kentish Town Club, but we do not know the precise address.

H T.—No. 2133 was amended, and we refer you to the Number in which the emendation appeared.

A C H (New Brighton).—The exchange of Queens was the best course in the position. Look at No. 2143 again.

H F (Lyons).—We are obliged for the problems, and they shall be carefully examined. Please remember, however, that four-move problems are "caviare to the general."

W B (Stratford).—You are on the wrong scent as regards No. 2143; look at it again.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2133, 2134, by S. Lloyd, Herr Berger, and C. E. Dennis, received from J. S. Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of Nos. 2134 and 2135 from O. H. Bate (Richmond, Cape of Good Hope); of Nos. 2136 and 2137 from Hussar (Secunderabad, India); of No. 2140 from G. A. Walker; of No. 2141 from W. H. D. Henry, Amir-ee Sheely, Carl Kegan, H. Stebbing; of No. 2142 from Raymond, F. F. Pott, William Miller, D. Waugh, Invalid, E. J. Winter Wood, E. J. Richardson, George Campbell (Belcast), C. A. S. (Exeter), W. H. D. Henry, Carl Stepan, H. Stebbing, and G. C. B.; of J. RABOCK'S PROBLEM from J. T. W., R. H. Brooks, H. Winters (Croybury), E. L. G., Carl Stepan; of Mr. PUNCH'S PROBLEM from Raymond; of KALL FIALA'S PROBLEM from R. Winters, Richard Murphy, W. Bible, E. L. G., Carl Stepan, J. T. W., J. A. Schmucke, Hereward, Emmo (Darlington), E. J. Winter Wood, and R. H. Brooks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2143 received from F. F. Pott, S. Farrant, E. Casella (Paris), William Miller, H. H. Naves, D. Waugh (Winchester), A. J. Lake, Mrs. Monckton (Maidstone), J. E. M. F., W. J. Rudman, J. T. W., S. Lowndes, F. Ferris, J. Alois Schmucke, Laura Greaves (Shelton), Nerina, A. M. Colborne, W. Hillier, H. Wandell, Anton Harper, E. T. Ward, Rex, W. Anderson (Old Romney), A. L. Ory, Hereward, W. Penton, L. E. Greenaway, W. B. (Clifton), E. H. J. Julia, J. H. J., Joseph Ainsworth, John Perry, G. W. Law, H. Z. (Manchester), Lex, S. J. Hall, Columbus, G. A. Walker, A. W. Scrutton, A. Chapman, Otto Fulmer (Ghent), T. Sinclair, A. M. Porter, R. Tweddell, Richard Murphy (Wexford), William Davis, R. L. Southwell, S. Bullen, George Joicey, T. H. Holdron, N. S. Harris, Emmo (Darlington), C. S. Cox, R. Jessop, Jupiter Junior, L. Sharswood, C. Oswald, Ben Nevie, G. P. Bart, W. Chester Coplestone, E. J. Winter Wood, Shadforth, Joseph Ainsworth, B. L. Dyke, I. Falcon (Antwerp), A. Earberg (Hamburg), An Old Hand, D. McCoy, Raymond, John Hodgson (Maidstone), R. H. Brooks, A. C. Hunt, M. O'Halloran, R. Gray, N. H. Mullin, C. Durragh, R. Winters, J. K. (South Hampstead), Maurice Baring, Edward Ridpath, H. Blacklock, E. Loudon, J. Hall, G. W. Kelly, F. West, W. Dabner, T. G. (Warr), C. A. S. (Exeter), H. Reeve, E. Featherstone, W. H. D. Henry, Dominick, E. M. Thorold (Bridlington), W. F. R. (Swansea), A. Wigmore, B. R. Wood, F. Marshall, Albert L. Tyler, E. L. G., E. Langley, F. B. W., Plevna, Ernest Sharswood, and Carl Stepan.

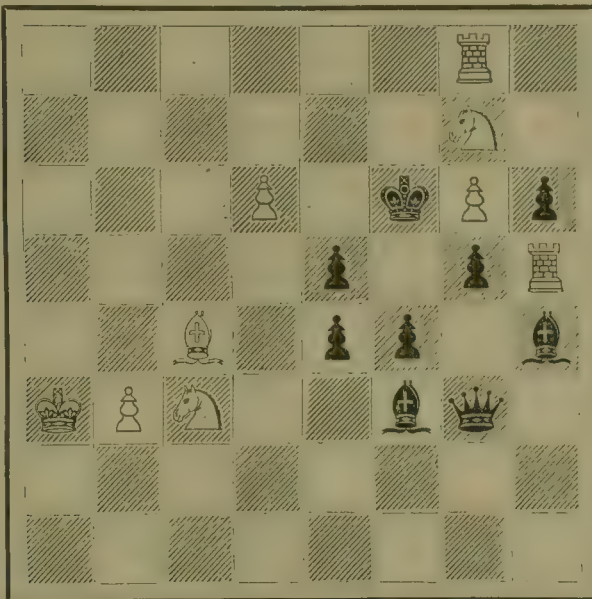
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2142.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to K B 2nd. Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2145.

By W. GRIMSHAW.

BLACK.



WHITE:

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played recently at Bath, the Rev. G. A. MacDONNELL giving the odds of Pawn and move to another AMATEUR.
(Remove Black's K B P from the board.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	3rd and K Kt 3rd, respectively, appears a preferable line of play.	
2. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd		
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to B 4th		
4. P to B 4th	P to Q 4th		
5. B to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		
6. Kt to B 3rd	P takes Q P		
7. K P takes P	B to Kt 5th		
8. Castles	B to Q 3rd		
9. R to K sq			

White has not made the most of the odds, and this and the next move throw away all the advantage with which he started.

9.	Castles.	
10. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to Q R 4th	
Recovering his Pawn!		
11. Q to B 2nd	P takes P	
12. B to B sq	Kt to Q 4th	
13. K to K Kt 5th	R to B 4th	
14. Q Kt to K 4th	B to B 5th	
15. B takes B	Kt takes B	
16. P to K R 4th		

There is nothing in this attack, as the sequel shows. Retreating the Kts to K B.

The thirteenth annual meeting of the West Yorkshire Chess Association was held on Saturday, the 25th ult., at Wakefield. It was arranged that not less than £10 would be divided as prize between the winners in the several tournaments, and that the Woodhouse Challenge Cup would be presented to the winning club by the donor, Alderman Woodhouse, of Leeds. We go to press too early to record the result of the play.

From the St. Patrick's Chess Club "Pamphlet" we learn that, at a meeting of the members of the Irish Chess Association, held on the 16th ult., the rules were considered and adopted; among them being one providing for the admission of ladies to membership. The "Pamphlet" will in future appear in type, a change which, it may be presumed, is called for by an increase in its circulation. Nevertheless, we advise all collectors of chess curiosities to purchase the five numbers that have appeared in manuscript. They can be obtained from the proprietor, 29, Nassau-street, Dub.in, at the price of twopenny per number, post-free.

We quote the following neat position from the *Nationaltidende*, of Copenhagen, where it appears without the author's name. It bears a close resemblance to the work of Mr. S. Lloyd:—

White: K at K B 3rd, Q at Q Kt sq, Kt at K 2nd; Pawns at Q 3rd, Q B 2nd, and Q R 7th. (Six pieces.)
Black: K at K R 8th, Kt at Q B 6th; Pawns at K R 6th, Q 4th, Q B 6th, and Q Kt 7th. (Six pieces.)
White to play, and mate in three moves.

Mr. Sheffield Neve has been chosen master of the Essex stagdhounds, formerly under the mastership of the Hon. H. W. Petre.

Lord Carnarvon presided yesterday week over a meeting at Willis's Rooms, convened for the purpose of taking the preliminary steps towards the formation of a national land company, the object of which will be to buy large holdings of land and to subdivide them into small quantities on a system of deferred payments over a term of years. A provisional committee was appointed, as well as a committee to inquire how far the present state of agriculture and condition of labour admit of the successful application of industrial partnerships to the cultivation of land in the United Kingdom. Amongst the speakers were the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Ripon, Lord Thurlow, Sir R. Lloyd-Lindsay, M.P., Sir W. Barttelot, M.P., and Mr. Albert Grey, M.P. Sir R. Lloyd-Lindsay has offered to the company a farm of 400 acres in Berkshire, upon any terms the company may suggest.

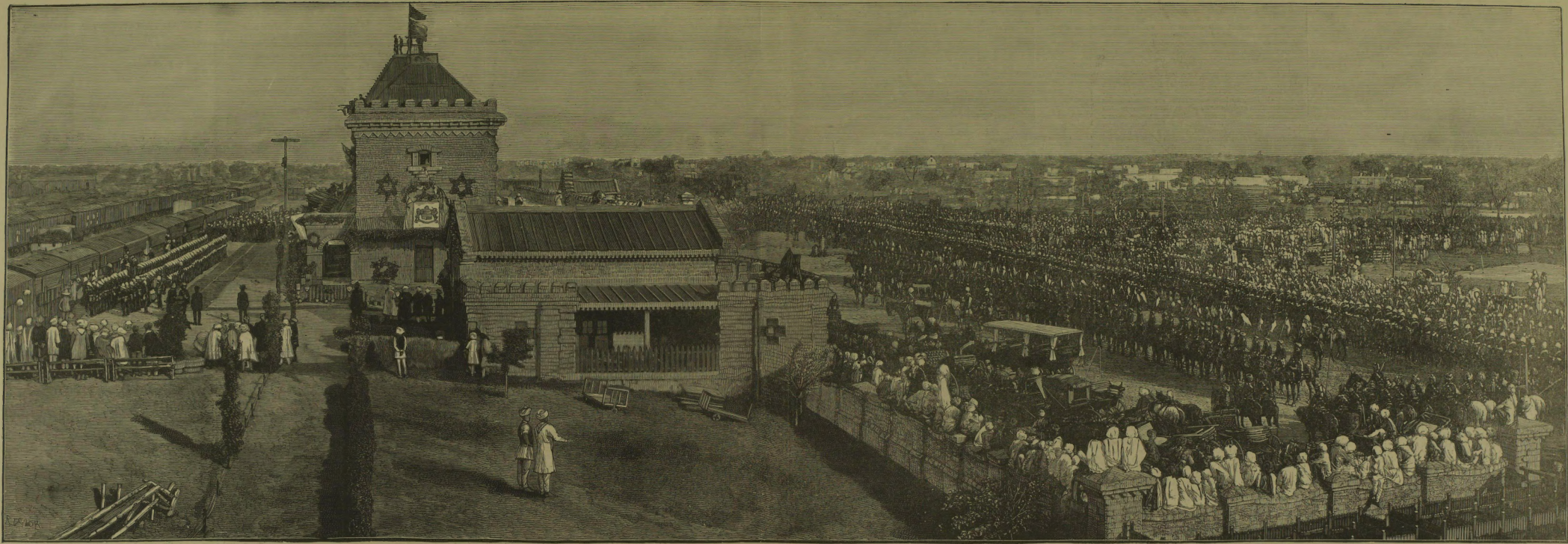
ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

The second exhibition at their new galleries fully justifies the members in the bold course they adopted in offering greater facilities to painters in water colours. The expansion of this branch of the art during the past few years has been very marked, and hitherto but slight facilities were offered to painters who had individual ideas or unorthodox views. The Institute in its spacious galleries has now room for every variety, and its liberal-minded management excludes no peculiarities of style or expression, provided a certain level of technical skill can be proved. Amongst the thousand and more pictures which make up the present season's exhibition it will be hard, therefore, if all tastes cannot find something to satisfy them; whilst there are many works which cannot fail to obtain suffrages in the apparently hostile camps of painting. The president, Mr. James D. Linton, is represented by only two pictures, both single figures, "Waverley" (144) and "Rose Bradwardine" (461), in both of which he shows that masterly power of producing in water colours results which few can rival even in oils. Waverley is represented full face, the tips of his black three-cornered hat just appearing over his rich brown hair. His doublet is of a sort of yellow frieze, over which he wears a black velvet coat; the texture of both is rendered with all Mr. Linton's minute delicacy and truth; whilst the pose of the figure is firm and the drawing correct. Scarcely less praise must be awarded to the companion work. Rose Bradwardine is standing by the breakfast-table, with a pot of flowers, freshly arranged, in her hand—simple and truthful as the novelist depicted her. Close by is Mr. Randolph Caldecott's "First Flight" (438), showing the "field" at the first breaking away of the fox—horses and riders in full fettle, and eager to get over the hurdle fence in style. The old gentleman on the grey horse is most happily depicted; but there is even more humour in the companion picture, "The Last Flight," showing another hunting-party cautiously avoiding or heavily clambering over an easy hedge, horses and riders alike exhausted. Although Mr. Caldecott has not, and perhaps with reason, represented in "The Last Flight" the party which promised so boldly in the first, the components of the group are much the same; and he has wisely preserved a specimen "fine old English gentleman—one of the olden time" in both scenes, in order, perhaps, to point a moral which fox-hunters will not fail to seize. From Mr. Caldecott to Mr. Walter Crane the transition seems abrupt, and the distance great; but the latter has done his best to perform the journey in his "Pan Pipes" (47), two solidly-built country girls, in exquisite costumes and classic attitudes, dancing to the music of a youth, in modern attire and uncomfortable attitude, who is seated on the edge of a very classic well. Although Mr. Crane has for the nonce left mediævalism and the bloodless, fleshless beauties with which he is accustomed to fill his charming landscapes, yet even still he seems to be unable to give a sense of unity to the limbs of which he composes his figures. In colour and in the accessories of dress and setting they lack nothing; but in themselves, in spite of the weight of flesh they carry, they scarcely suggest reality. Some of his smaller landscapes are pleasant reminiscences of English summer weather; and amongst such are "Swanage" (345), which is represented by a green field with a red cow, and an indistinct fringe of houses in the background; "Ballard Down" (372), lost in a mist, may be especially mentioned. Mr. Abbey's single work, "An Old Song" (294), is somewhat aggravating. It is impossible not to be attracted by its delicate feeling, its harmonious colouring, and the true poetry which surrounds the old couple who, from the corner of the room, are listening to their daughter as she sings beside her harp. The girl herself is pleasant to look at, in spite of her neck and of the disproportionate length of her body, from her waist downwards—a defect of drawing which is emphasised by the fender, which occupies so prominent a place in the room. It is in the light falling from the deep bay window on the old father's grey hairs, in the tender gallantry with which he holds his wife's hand, and with her recalls the words of the "old song," that the charm of Mr. Abbey's work lies—in a word, in the sentiment of the ensemble rather than in the execution of all its details. Sentiment of another kind, but none the less true, is to be found in Mr. Joseph Nash's "Hope Springs Eternal in the Human Breast" (935), which might well be taken for the garret-scene in "Masks and Faces." The Triplet of the picture is also an author in search or in need of a patron. He has risen early, and donned his only coat, of which the seams are wearing white; his wife, half dressed, has stepped out of bed to help in his toilet, to apply to the rusty coat what remains in the ink bottle after the husband's labour of the night. Perhaps Mr. Nash may have been self-inspired; but this is not the case with Mr. C. Green, Miss M. J. Moberley, and Mr. J. Lawson Stewart, all of whom draw their subjects from the "Old Curiosity Shop"—the first-named giving us "Nelly and Her Grandfather at the Races" (626), in which the best feature is the back view of Codlin as he stands beside the show in which Short was playing the quarter-staves. "The Flight of Little Nell and Her Entry into the Old Curiosity Shop" (665) tells its tale plainly, but without much poetry; whilst the "End of the Journey" (1020) is scarcely more than architectural study of an old church in its half-ruined cloisters. Of real humour there are some excellent examples; for instance, John Tenniel's "Sir Andrew Ague-cheek" (485) laboriously spelling his notes, and playing "o' the viol di Gamba"; Mr. Joseph Nash's "Tithe Pig" (512): a complacent tenant who has brought to his rector the smallest and most comical black pig—a form of tithe which the reverend tithe-receiver accepts with anything but effusion; Mr. Frank Dadd's "The Boy—What Will Become of Him?" (412): a boy seated in a chair, his hands resolutely stuck into the pockets of his duck trousers, and his face fixed in almost comical wrath, whilst an old professor of phrenology is measuring his head, and explaining to the father, who sits beside, the future destiny of the youth, as foreshadowed by his bumps. In point of technical execution, there are few finer works in the present exhibition than this and Mr. Dadd's other work, "Tally-ho! Off We Go!" (517): a scene in the huntsman's lodge—the old man riding his little grandchild on his foot, whilst two grave old hounds before the fire are demurely watching this parody of their life. Mr. Stephen T. Dadd promises well in his cleverly painted "In Flagrant Delicto" (697): two puppies who have pulled the cloth from the table—and with it the gamekeeper's dinner.

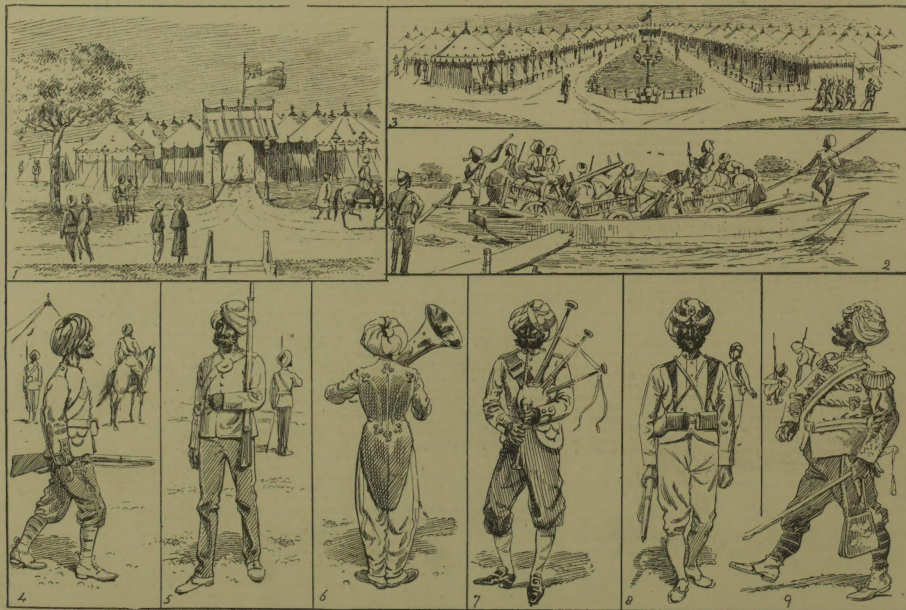
We must postpone for the present any further remarks upon the contents of this exhibition, which contains many works deserving more than a passing glance.

Viscountess Folkestone, Lady Monckton, Madame Enriquez, and Signor Foli took part in a concert which had been organised by the staff of the South-Eastern Railway Company and which took place at the Cannon-street Hotel on Wednesday.

The Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, reviewed Prince Albert's Own Leicestershire Yeomanry Cavalry, at Leicester, yesterday week, and, addressing the regiment, his Royal Highness expressed gratification at the celebrity with which men are coming forward to serve their country.

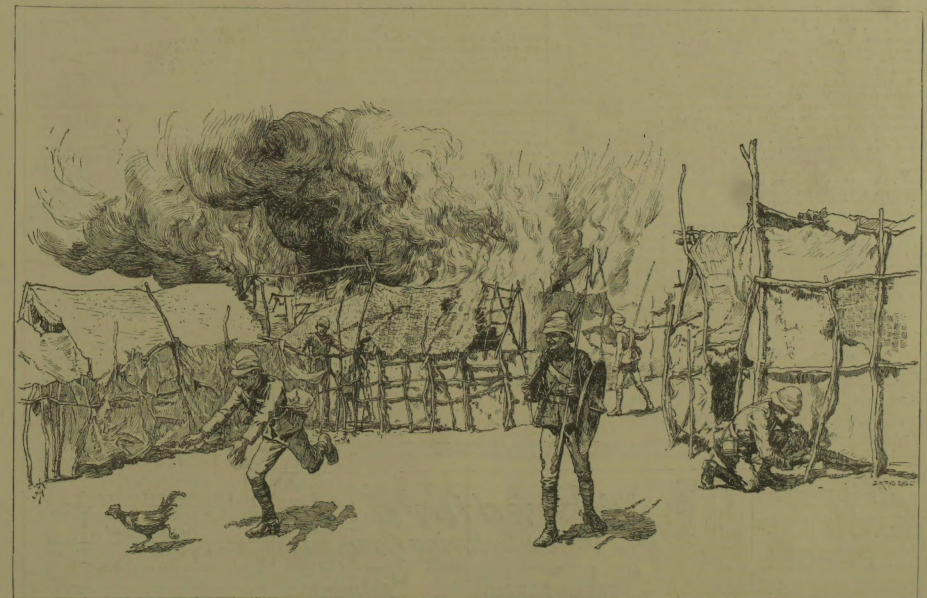


THE GRAND DURBAR AT RAWUL PINDI: ARRIVAL OF THE VICEROY OF INDIA.



1. Entrance to Rajah of Bhawalpore's Tent.
2. Rajah of Nohha's Infantry.
3. Sikh of the Punjab Infantry.
4. Entrance to Rajah of Bhawalpore's Tent.
5. Rajah of Nohha's Infantry.
6. Sikh of the Punjab Infantry.
7. Rajah of Bhawalpore's Tent.
8. Rajah of Nohha's Infantry.
9. Sikh of the Punjab Infantry.

SKETCHES AT THE RAWUL PINDI DURBAR, BY LIEUTENANT OFFLEY SHORE, 51st PURNIAUD INFANTRY.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: MOUNTED INFANTRY BURNING TAMAI—FACSIMILE OF SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WALTER PAGET.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 17, 1877), with three codicils (dated Feb. 23, 1881, and Jan. 15 and Sept. 2, 1884), of Sir Charles James Frauke, Bart., late of Cromwell House, South Kensington, who died on Oct. 6 last, was proved on the 12th ult. by Dame Eliza Pudsey Frauke, the widow, and Charles Townhend Murdoch, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £718,000. The testator gives to his wife £5000, all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, jewellery, household effects, wines, consumable stores, horses and carriages, an annuity of £2000 for life, a further annuity of £5000 for life or widowhood, and the use, for life, of Cromwell House, or Bank Grove, Kingston, or any other house belonging to him she may select; to his daughter-in-law, Frederica Charlotte Mary, £2000 per annum for life, an additional £3000 per annum for the same period if she survives his son, her husband, and the houses at Dartmouth and in London, where she now resides, also for life; upon trust, for each of the children of his son and only child, other than his eldest son, £50,000; and to his executor, Mr. Murdoch, £2000. All the residue of his freehold, copyhold, leasehold, and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for a period of twenty-one years from his decease, to pay during that time £17,000 per annum to his son Thomas George, and to allow all the remainder of the income to accumulate. At the expiration of the term of twenty-one years the whole of such residue is settled to the use of his said son, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively according to seniority in tail male. Full powers are given to his trustees to manage his building and other estates, to grant leases, and to complete contracts.

The will (dated Aug. 27, 1880), with a codicil (dated Oct. 29 following), of Colonel the Hon. Charles Grantham Scott, late of Eathorpe Hall, Warwickshire, and of No. 79, Eaton-square, who died on Jan. 5 last, was proved on March 30 by the Hon. Frances Maria Scott, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £52,000. The testator gives to his wife £80, all his jewellery, trinkets, wines, consumable stores, such of his furniture, effects, horses and carriages, at his Eaton-square house, and such of his plate and plated articles as he may select, and an annuity of £700 in addition to the amount secured to her by settlement; to his son Beauchamp Henry John, the remainder of his plate and plated articles, all his furniture and effects at Eathorpe Hall, and £6000; to his sons Louis Guy and Dudley Alexander Charles, £6000 each; and to his daughters Evelyn Mary, Jessie Louise, and Alice Henrietta, £2000 each, and a further sum of £2500 each on the death of his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said three sons.

The will (dated Aug. 28, 1876) of Dame Augusta Platt, late of No. 61, Queen's-gardens, Bayswater, who died on Feb. 16 last, was proved on March 28 by Charles Platt and the Rev. Herbert Edwyn Platt, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £9000. The testatrix appoints among certain of her children the unappointed part of the trust funds under her marriage settlement, and bequeaths a few legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her daughters, Miss Susan Platt and Miss Augusta Platt. The deceased was the widow of the Hon. Sir Thomas Joshua Platt, Knight, formerly one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1878), with a codicil (dated April 27, 1882), of Mr. William Charles Humphrys, late of No. 17, Angelsea-place, Southampton, and of Elm Lodge, Bursledon, in the same county, who died on Oct. 17 last, was proved on March 31 by Mrs. Isabella Eliza Dehany Humphrys, the widow, Lieutenant-Colonel George Cooke, and George Rastrick, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £114,000. The testator leaves to his wife £500, and all his wines, consumable stores, carriages and horses; he also leaves her for life £2500 per annum, and his residence in Angelsea-place (including the stables), with the furniture and effects; to his sons, Ambrose William, Julian, and Horace, present legacies of £5000 each, and a further £5000 each on the death of his wife; upon trust for the children of his deceased daughter £4000; and upon trust for his grand-daughter, Angela Humphrys Drummond, his house known as Highfield, Bursledon. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his said grand-daughter, and his three daughters, Beatrice Caroline Letitia, Ada Mabel, and Julia Wiggett.

The will (dated Oct. 21, 1881), with two codicils (dated Nov. 16, 1881, and Jan. 10, 1884), of Mr. Henry Newson, late of No. 57, Lincoln's-inn-fields, who died on Feb. 12 last, at St. Leonards-on-Sea, was proved on March 23 by Mrs. Caroline Elizabeth Newson, the widow, William Charles Jackson, Henry Carrs Newson, the son, and Alexander David Maclaren, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £67,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife all his jewellery, plate, books, furniture, household effects, horses and carriages, and £1500 per annum for life, if she shall so long continue his widow; to Mary Carrs Kitton, an annuity of £100; to his executors, Mr. Jackson and Mr. Maclaren, £150 each; and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his three children, Mrs. Mary May Hermon, Mrs. Florence Thompson, and Henry Carrs Newson.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Clackmannan, of the trust disposition and settle-

ment, executed Dec. 21, 1883, of Mr. James Archibald, of the firm of Robert Archibald and sons, Tillicoultry, woollen manufacturers, who died at Glasgow, on Nov. 2 last, granted to Mrs. Ann Hynde or Archibald, the widow, Robert Archibald, the son, the Rev. James Brown, and David Macwatt, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on March 28, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom exceeding £53,000.

The will (dated Nov. 22, 1876), with four codicils (dated Dec. 1 and 21, 1876; Nov. 2, 1880; and May 16, 1882), of Mr. Francis Jackson Kent, late of Castle House, Hampton, Middlesex, who died on Feb. 10 last, was proved on March 20 by Francis Jackson Kent and Robert Jackson Kent, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £39,000. The testator leaves £300, his furniture, plate, pictures, effects, horses and carriages, and an annuity of £700, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Kent; and makes provision for his daughters, and the children of his deceased daughter and son. There are also some other bequests. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he gives one fourth each to his sons Francis and Robert; one fourth, upon trust, for his son Edmund, his wife, and children; and one fourth, upon trust, for the widow and children of his deceased son, Jackson.

The will (dated Sept. 15, 1883), with a codicil (dated Dec. 22 following), of Mr. Richard Bright, formerly of Bruton-street, but late of Nepal, Torquay, who died on Feb. 2 last, was proved on March 23 by James Gordon Walls, George William Brown, Lewis William Hurford, and Henry Robert Chasty Hurford, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £37,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to his nieces, nephew, partner, and others, including £500 to be distributed among the persons in the employ of the firm of Bright and Co. receiving wage at the time of his decease. The residue of his property he leaves to his daughters, Mrs. Letitia Mary Hurford and Mrs. Susan Hannah Hurford.

The will (dated May 20, 1884) of Mr. John Angel Talbot, late of Radipole, in the county of Dorset, who died on Feb. 15 last, was proved on the 15th ult. by Mrs. Emma Talbot, the widow, George Andrews, and Robert Oakley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £31,000. The testator makes some bequests to his wife, executors, and man-servant. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood; in the event of her marrying again, a fixed annuity is substituted for such life interest; and, subject thereto, for his sons, John William and Robert Randall, in equal shares.

THE DURBAR AT RAWUL PINDI.

The conference between Lord Dufferin, the Viceroy of India, and the Ameer of Afghanistan, Abdurrahman Khan, at the Viceregal Durbar held at Rawul Pindi, in the Punjab, at the beginning of April, is an event of great political importance. We have given a View of Rawul Pindi, with a description of the place, which is on the road from Lahore to Attock and to Peshawur. The Ameer came from Cabul, arriving at Rawul Pindi by the railway from Peshawur on the morning of March 31. The Viceroy had arrived at Rawul Pindi on the afternoon of the 27th. One of our Illustrations is that of the scene at Lord Dufferin's arrival.

His Excellency was accompanied by Lady Dufferin, Sir Alfred Lyall, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces; Mr. Durand, Officiating Foreign Secretary; Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, private secretary; Lord William Beresford, and the rest of his personal staff. The train entered the Rawul Pindi station at five o'clock, and here, on alighting, his Excellency was received by Sir Charles Aitchison, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, Sir Donald Stewart, Commander-in-Chief in India, General Sir Frederick Roberts, Commander-in-Chief in Madras, General Hardinge, Commander-in-Chief in Bombay, General Wilson, General Sir Michael Biddulph, the Hon. Mr. Gibbs, and the principal civil and military officers. Among these were Colonel Bradford, Agent to the Governor-General for Rajputana, the Lord Bishop of Lahore, the Roman Catholic Bishop of the Punjab, the Financial Commissioners, and several Commissioners of the Province, the Secretaries to the Punjab Government, and various heads of Departments, Brigadier-General Gordon, General Baker, General Leslie, General Gillespie, and the Military Staffs.

Beyond these officers the Punjab Chiefs received the Viceroy in the order of their rank, space on the platform being marked off for each chief and his retinue by a low railing covered with red cloth. They were the Maharajah of Patiala, the Nawab of Bhawalpur, and the Rajahs of Jheend, Nabha, Kapurthulla, Faridkote, and Chumba.

After speaking to Sir Charles Aitchison and to a few officers whom he knew, or who were introduced to him, his Excellency proceeded to make the acquaintance of the Punjab chiefs, exchanging a few kindly words with them, and to receive the address of the Municipal Committee. This occupied some time, and the Royal salute had been fired before Lord Dufferin made his appearance outside the station. The view from the railway station was very picturesque. In the far distance lay the mountains, looking green and grey under sunshine and cloud, and tipped in a few places with snow. In the foreground rose the spires and

buildings of the city, intermixed with trees, rising from a sea of emerald-green fields. Immediately in front were the long lines of railway trucks and sheds, and the fine bridge spanning the Leh stream. And there was a gathering, bright with blue and purple and gold, of the chiefs of the Indian Army, the leaders of the Punjab Commission, and the Native Princes of the province, assembled to do honour to their Viceroy and Governor-General. On the other side of the station, the courtyard was filled with the bright costumes of the body-guard and the 9th Lancers, and behind them two lines of troops kept the road clear for the Viceregal party. The saluting battery was drawn up at a short distance from the station, on the other side of a little green, and the whole view was shut in, beyond, by the avenues of the cantonment roads.

Through the long lines of troops, the Viceregal procession took its way from the railway station to the camp. The escort consisted of the 9th Lancers, headed by the Deputy Assistant-Quartermaster-General, a detachment of the Body Guard preceding and following the three carriages, another detachment of the Lancers, and a field battery. In the first carriage were the Viceroy and Lady Dufferin, Lord William Beresford, and one of the Aides-de-Camp; in the next came Sir Alfred Lyall, Mr. Durand, Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, and another Aide-de-Camp; in the third were the rest of the personal Staff. The Viceregal carriage was drawn by four horses ridden by two postillions, and preceded by two outriders. It moved slowly throughout the whole distance, and the clock was striking six when the final strains of "God Save the Queen," and the completion of the second Royal salute, announced that Lord Dufferin had reached his camp. The crowd dispersed rapidly, and the troops were marched back to their camps. The arrangements made by the police and military were excellent, and Lord Dufferin must have been greatly pleased with the success of his State entry into Rawul Pindi.

The Ameer Abdurrahman, on the morning of the 31st, was received by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, the General of the Rawul Pindi Division, and the Commissioners. A guard of honour of the Irish Fusiliers was drawn up at the railway station, and saluted him as he alighted. He was dressed in a blue undress military coat of European pattern, with a grey sheepskin Turkestan hat, and wore two stars on the left breast. He is suffering from the gout, and walked lame. The rainy weather marred the ceremony arranged for the reception. The Ameer preferred to go in the carriage which the Viceroy had sent, and the procession of fifty-six elephants was abandoned. In the carriage with the Ameer were the General commanding the division and Major Napier. An escort was formed by the King's Dragoon Guards, a battery of Horse Artillery, and the 15th Bengal Cavalry. The route selected was more than two miles long, and was lined throughout on both sides with troops of all arms. The carriage proceeded at a walk, so that the Ameer had a good opportunity of seeing the troops assembled in his honour. A salute of twenty-one guns was fired when the procession started, and another salute by a second battery of horse artillery announced that the destination had been reached. The Duke of Connaught, who, with the Duchess, had arrived the night before, saw the procession pass from the club stand.

Our Illustration of the arrival of the Viceroy is from a photograph taken by Mr. J. Burke; the Sketches of troops attending the Durbar, or crossing the Jhelum river on their way to Rawul Pindi, were drawn by a military correspondent, Lieutenant Olfley Shore, of the 1st Punjab Infantry, forming part of the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, of the force assembled on this occasion.

Mr. William Dick, principal clerk in the office of Accountant-General of Customs, has been appointed Accountant-General, in succession to Mr. Jenner Weir, who has retired from the service.

Three charity dinners were held on one day last week. At the anniversary festival of the Orphan Working School, Haverstock-hill, held at the Freemasons' Tavern (Mr. C. Palmer, M.P., in the chair), subscriptions to the amount of £2207 were announced. Viscount Hardinge presided at the anniversary dinner of the Artist's Benevolent Society, and the subscriptions, including one hundred guineas from the Queen, amounted to nearly £500. The first annual festival in connection with the recently-formed Work-Girls' Protection Society was held at Willis's Rooms—the Duke of Cambridge in the chair. The Rev. George Nugee gave interesting details of the movement, and also stated that the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales had expressed their deep sympathy with the effort that was being made. The secretary, Mr. Bunnet, then announced a list of donations, amounting in the aggregate to upwards of £1000, the chairman's list being £425.—The Cabdrivers' Benevolent Institution held its annual general meeting on Thursday week, at St. James's Hall. Lord Aberdeen presided. It was reported that the society now possesses funded capital to the amount of £8400.—Yesterday week, at the Cannon-street Hotel, the Bishop of Ripon presided at the anniversary festival of the British Orphan Asylum, Slough, subscriptions and donations to the amount of £1330 being announced. On the same day, the General Porters' Benevolent Association held its annual dinner, the subscriptions amounting to £2200.

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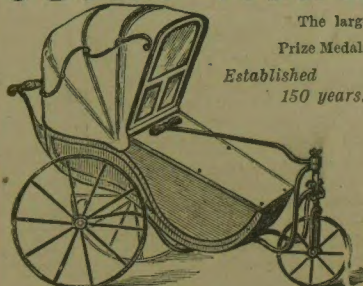
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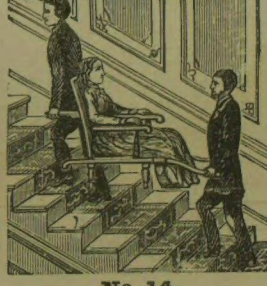
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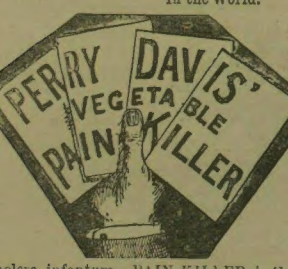
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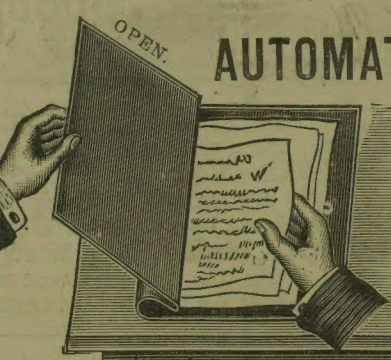
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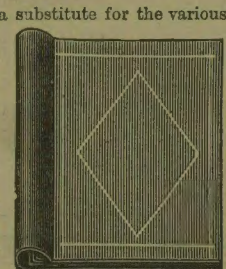


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